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PAST AND PRESENT.

Past and Present. By Thomas Carlyle. New York: W. H. Colyer.

A Lecture upon the importance of a Christian basis for the science of political economy, and its application to the affairs of life. Delivered before the Calvert Institute, Baltimore, and the Carroll Institute, Philadelphia. By the Rt. Rev. John Hughes, D.D. New York: J. Winchester.

Lecture on the Philosophy of History, and some of the popular errors which are founded on it. Delivered before the Calvert Institute. By S. Teackle Wallis. Baltimore: J. Murphy.

PROTESTANTISM demanded not only the legal abolition of the ancient church but its entire destruction. The plunder of its monasteries, the sacking of its churches, the overthrow of its colleges, the suppression of its schools of learning, and the unbroken silence of its hushed voices, were not sufficient to gratify the zeal of the early reformers. It was necessary that history should be re-written—the past must be swept away from memory, or another and a darker light be poured across its surface, to mar its beauty and transform its loveliness into hideous and misshapen aspects. Like the restless spirit wandering on the borders of Acheron, tormented by the ceaseless recollection of the bright scenes of earth which it had quitted, it sought in vain for the waters of Lethe to drown the memory of happiness lost to it for ever. It searched after the sea of oblivion, but as it stooped to drink of the flood of forgetfulness, it found a bright ray of the past, shining down and resting immovably upon its unruffled surface, destroying the power of its fabled stream whilst its sparkling form was traced upon it. For a moment it could distort the picture reflected in the sluggish mirror, but, as the undulating surface subsided to its wonted calm, the past still shone painted there in all its truthful lineaments and adorned with all its own brilliant colorings. The power of the charm had departed from it. The incantation which was used to restore its efficacy but gave new proof of the evidence of whose existence it thus sought to destroy. In despair, the wailing spirit yielded to its destiny. The history of the past was written upon time-defying brass, sculptured stone and marble: it glowed from the canvass and it shone upon the altar: its memorials were every where, speaking in resistless eloquence of the beauty, the might of those past days. It was recounted in every olden record. It was chronicled upon parchment and upon vellum, illuminated with purple and gold. It lived in the hearts of the people. Brass and sculptured marble the hand of the pillager destroyed; the glow of its light was darkened on the altar; its records were altered and erased; the ancient chroniclers slept, it seemed for ever, in the dusty receptacles to which they were consigned, or shriveling up in the devouring flame, concealed in

their ashes, the story of its wrongs. But from the hearts of the people it was only to be crushed out with their dearest blood. Their efforts were in vain! Monuments there were that escaped the hand of the destroyers; records there were that could not be erased. The light which they had quenched was in secret as zealously rekindled. The ancient chronicler, who had slumbered for ages in neglect, like the prophet of old, was again cast up from the waters to warn them of their crime and its impending punishment. They have shrieked and prayed for forgetfulness, even for themselves, but its waters ever rippling about their lips, recede from their famished efforts to allay their thirst. Facts, the living witnesses of God's justice, proclaim the truth. The very ruins, whose blackened walls stand bleak and bare, with the wild winds whistling through the shattered arches, and the ivy clinging round them, tell most sadly glorious and yet sweetly solemn stories of that wronged and injured past. The broken altar would not crumble into dust; the sculptured cross of stone, cast down by the road side and buried in the earth might be exhumed: the desecrated church and chapel and old baronial hall, although defaced, still bear a thousand voiceless witnesses of ages past. The names of those who lived and won for England, glory, are bound in deathless memory with the storied by-gone times. Her old nobility whose honored lines stretched back to distant ages, bearing untainted the same faith their fathers bore, are living witnesses, hereditary in their fame, the fame of the old Catholic times. England's rivers as they flow murmur in whispered accents the tale of England's glory past. The names of her cities and her towns and her castles, and the legends of each old moss-grown tower, are in themselves a deathless testimony. All England's proudest institutions reach back beyond the dread gulf of three hundred years of persecution and oppression, the true dark ages of her land. Canterbury and York recall fond memories of stern old prelates who scorned to bow the knee to tyrants. Oxford and Cambridge, with the many colleges, bear back the mind into the days of faith. England's laws, blood-stained only in Protestant dark ages, attest the greatness of those olden times. Her glory tells of it, her pride boasts of it, her misery and shame prove it. England's broad surface, spite o three hundred years of change, of bitter ty ranny, oppression, suffering and hate—Eng land's broad surface emphatically proclaim the might, the majesty, the beauty of the pas

Mighty truth must conquer. God's justic pervades all things—it is stamped upon th heart of man: its spirit animates the soul Man loves justice even though he be unjust For awhile may injustice triumph, or seem t triumph. Let its loud cry, "*Io triumphe*," swell aloft till it ring to the high heaven—i voice will echo back, "*Io triumphe*." It is th voice of truth: truth that slumbers not, tha cannot change, that cannot cease: truth tha cannot be concealed. Crush it—it will no die. Torture it, rack it, flay it, yet it will re sume its form again and live and breathe Whisper it, like the heathen of old, to the sand, and the winds will bear it on their wings to the ears of men, and it will live for ever in their hearts. Destroy it for time, it shall live for eternity! Who are they that will put out its light, and hold up their dim taper instead of its sun-blaze? Vain mortals! God's truth is not of this world alone, it is eternal as himself.

"The darkness, the ignorance, the misery of the past," exclaim these torturers of history, these defacers of old monuments, these alterers of records, these slanderers of the dead. "Compare them with the light, the intellect, the happiness of the present!"

Be it so. But what is man's light, man's knowledge, man's happiness? The only light that doth not lead him to destruction is the pure light of true religion—the only knowledge that availeth, is the knowledge of God—the only real happiness on earth is the just hope and expectation of happiness in heaven. There is the haven of man's voyage; thither must tend all that is good on earth—all that tendeth elsewhere, is false, accursed—the light that leads not thither, is no true light, 'tis darkness visible, like Egypt's curse; the knowledge that aids not to this object, is ignorance profound: the happiness that hath other bent and subject, that would distract the soul thence, is misery here, and leads to misery hereafter! And yet these three in truth are only one: for the last being greatest, as the object of man's dwelling here, the means and the foretaste of his reward hereafter, contains the first and second which are but rightly accessory to its

bject and its tendency. And what is happi-
ess? Doth it consist in wealth, in fame, in
ower? The proud man who holdeth mil-
ons in his hand, is he happy? The storms
re raging round his ships, the angry surges
ash against them—old ocean may ingulf
ieir countless treasures. Fire may lay his
treets and squares in worthless ruins—the
ghtning of heaven may destroy his garners—
iches may take to themselves wings. Cares
ppress him—he is not happy even in the
nore common worldly sense. Avarice har-
ens his heart; the cry of the widow and the
rphan are ascending against him—perchance
iis gold is stained with human blood. "It is
asier for a camel to pass through the eye of a
ieedle than the rich man to enter into the
ingdom of heaven." There is no heavenly
appiness for him. His God is gold—he wor-
hips none beside? And is there happiness
n fame? What is it? To live in other men's
breath an hour, a moment! He who toils for
ame and finds it, hath his own reward. It is
f this earth; as he sought, so hath he found.
But is it even earthly happiness? Sleepless
iights and days of torture and suspense, years
f labor misdirected, and in fine unrewarded,
ind perhaps the one great end of man's crea-
ion forgotten in the struggle for an hour's re-
outation—and all this for what? For that
which, gained, too often is but *infamy* indeed?
And power? to fret for one brief hour on the
stage; to be the butt of malice and the aim of
iate; to tremble on the precipice and fall at
ast for ever from its fatal brink to dash against
he rocks of shame and misery that surround
its base! Not even earthly peace is this, not
comfort even here! Not happiness, that thing
so undefined, that man's to-morrow, ever near
yet ever in advance, that Tantalus wave of hu-
man life. The ambitious power-seeker hath
looked to earth for his reward—as he sought,
so hath he found. And pleasure? blooming
rose, now budding, now full blown? Pluck
it! its poisoned thorns will mingle their fatal
venom in your veins, and death, but for the
antidote, will soon ensue. Pleasure is not hap-
piness, it is not peace, nor yet content. The
pleasures of the world become unto the delu-
ded, whom they have led astray, the tortures
of the damned. Vultures they are that feed
upon the vitals of their victim, bound, Prome-
thean like, upon the rock of habit by the chains
of human fear. There is but one spell that
can strike off those chains and dull the vul-
ture's beak. The spell and antidote are one,
the search and the enjoyment of true religious
heavenly happiness. The man of pleasure
hath looked to earth for happiness, as he sought
so has he found!

Riches, fame, power, pleasure are not hap-
piness. Yet men may be happy who possess
them—who possess them, as if they did not
possess them—whose riches are not theirs but
the riches of the poor, whose fame is only to
the greater glory of God, whose power is ded-
icated to the justice of God, whose pleasure is
the service of God. Happiness on this earth
is the hope and seeking after happiness in
heaven.

But there is a kind of earthly happiness, a
possession of worldly comfort, unconnected
with the spirit, which should enter into the
comparison of the relative happiness of the
man of the past and the man of the present.
Not indeed doth it enter into this question,
whether the man was clad in satin or coarse
woollen, whether he drank rich wines or good
stout ale or pure native water; not whether he
flew on the wings of the wind and annihilated
time and space by his inventions, or trudged
along on foot or paced on sturdy horse or mule;
not whether his cloth was woven by hand or by
machinery. These superiorities, if such they be,
of the present over the past, do not increase man's
happiness nor man's comfort always; some
men's perhaps on this earth! Perhaps, indeed,
they have tended to make the poor man poorer,
the rich man richer, making the condition of
both deplorable and thus entering deeply into the
subject under consideration; perhaps with
their corporate powers, their aggregating of
moneyed interests, their combination of wealth,
their annual, semi-annual and quarterly divi-
dends, their six per cents, their five per cents,
and their reduction of wages, their reality
when they demand cash payments, and their
corporate invisibility, when redress and jus-
tice are sought at their hands, perhaps they
have tended to depress the condition of the
poor laborer and the great body of the people.
But the whole substance of this present in-
quiry may be stated thus: "Are the mass of
the people, creatures with human bodies and
souls in the image of the Creator, *happier* in
this age, than they were in the middle ages?"

Doubtless in these days there are some who will be surprised that we have thus stated our question—some who will wonder that we considered it necessary to place so pointedly before the eye of the reader the connection of the divinely inbreathed soul, with the material, perishable human body—yet it hath reason in it. Therein consists the great difference between the ages of faith and the ages of reason, the past and the present. It doth seem passing strange that reasonable beings should deny the existence of the soul; but that they should forget its existence, creates neither wonder nor surprise; and yet the one is at least as culpable as the other. For reason may be led astray and the bewildered soul may doubt of its own existence, seeking the truth, though wildly wandering and distraught with doubt and fear; but to believe in the existence of the soul, in its immortality and its accountability after death, and yet in sheer recklessness, to cast aside and trample under foot this belief, to *act* as if it were unbelief, is wilful perversity. The one is a misfortune deeply to be lamented, a sin to be wept over, the other a crime to be abhorred. In this age of ours, that intimate connection of body and soul is rejected with disdain, or if believed, is silently trampled under foot. It mostly is a long forgotten superstition that the body is subservient to the soul, and that the comforts and interests of the body should be therefore subservient to the comforts and interests of the soul; that where the one is incompatible with the other the spiritual must be preferred to the corporeal, the eternal to the temporal. The present is the material age, the age of the body—the past is the spiritual age, the age of the soul. Now is that subserviency kept hidden and out of sight, now is the body made the end and the soul the means: then was the soul the end, the body the means; then was the good of the soul the predominant idea; then was it even starting before the eye in living letters, ever acting, the inspiration of all works and deeds, the distinctive mark of the times. Yet both these facts, the ideas of widely different ages, are the legitimate consequences of the different faiths which prevailed then and now in that same land.

Poverty existed then, pauperism prevails now.*

* Ages of Faith, book vii, p. 305

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for they shal see God," was the theory and practice of th past; "accursed are the poor—so man mouths to be fed by new taxes, so many pau pers, so many inmates of work-houses—s many dollars, so many cents," exclaims th present. In the ages of faith, men believe that the soul of the beggar was as precious i the eye of God as the soul of the prince. I those days were practised justice, mercy, an voluntary poverty. The poor just man wa venerable. The king on his throne was not more noble spectacle—demanded not mor veneration than the bare-foot pilgrim who, fo love of Christ, had wandered to the far east t kiss on bended knees the sacred places where the holy one had trod. Poverty was tru wealth, humility true nobleness, justice tru glory. The high hearted baron and the lordly chieftain doffed at times the helm and the plume and, in disguise and apparent poverty, toiled on foot to some sainted shrine. Kings and nobles and knights cast aside wealth and worldly honor, and, entering the cloister or the hermit's cell, devoted their days to prayer, alms-deeds, and voluntary poverty. The king descended from his throne and gave his crown for the cowl, his regal robes for the homely cassock, his jewelled girdle for the circling chord, his sceptre for the cross. The noble in the banquet hall started from the untasted wine-cup, from the midst of the merry revel and full wassail, from the gay dance, from the gallant tournament, from the bold chase and the soaring falcon, without one sigh or fond regret, thus to dedicate himself for ever to the service of his God. The knightly warrior, like the mighty hearted Spaniard, in the hour of his proudest glory, turned away from the call to arms amid some desperate Pampeluna breach, and casting down sword and spear, and earthly armor, concealed himself for ever beneath the lowly weeds of the mendicant or pilgrim. How then could poverty be despised, neglected, abhorred as in these days? The poor humble beggar, who knelt by the entrance of some grand old gothic church, perchance was the once proud and gay descendant of a long line of mighty men—he may have cast aside with scorn the purple and gold of his father's halls, to seek in voluntary poverty the gold and purple of eternal life. Who could scorn him whose companions, in deed

and spirit, were nobles and princes? Who could deride him, who trampling on the riches of this earth was rich in the riches of heaven? who could look down on him who was elevated by the service of God?

Heroic were those ages: and chivalrous in their piety. Well did they practise that which they thus honored. How well doth this age practise? Noble preachers hath it—eloquent talkers and expounders—yet doth it not practise. Who hath ever seen in all Protestant lands, the great and noble giving up all to the poor, to follow God? Who hath seen the king descend from his throne, the noble quit his halls and wide domains, the knightly warrior, glory and the sword? Do not facts speak? Is there no connection intimate between the practice of voluntary poverty and the condition of necessary poverty? Hath not the neglect of this practice been the main cause and origin of pauperism and its attendant vice and misery, making poverty disgrace, where it was honor, despicable where it was meritorious, a curse where it was a blessing. And how did this practice, this great action of the faith in good works, dedicated to God's justice, which then pervaded all men, affect that other class, the necessary poor—the lowly in birth and fortune, the worker, the lame, the blind, the sick, the feeble, the widow and the orphan?

Manifold were the expressions of this universal feeling, various the modes in which it tended to exalt the condition of the poor, and to alleviate their sufferings. Not only did the man of the middle ages behold a divine spectacle in the poor in deed and spirit, not only did he see a soul redeemed as well as himself by the precious blood of the Saviour, not only did he recollect that they who received the poor received the God of the poor as well as the rich, but ever acting, ever moving in his heart was that great article of faith, the merit of good works as taught by the Catholic church. Charity, the flame that glows around the fire of faith—charity, the action which sprang from the belief, was ever warning him that he must toil for heaven. She told to the rich man, that these riches were not his, that they were the treasure of the poor; to the powerful, that power was not for the good of the ruler, but for the good of the ruled: to the brave, that mercy was the brightest jewel in the chaplet of fame. To him who had wealth she taught the duty of liberality in God's name to the poor, and the danger that hung over the avaricious in heart; to him who had power she unfolded the stern responsibilities of justice and the Godlike beauty of mercy and beneficence; and to him who held the sword, she denounced the dread vengeance of the Almighty upon the cruel heart and the hand red with innocent blood.

Charity ruled then: and the eternal welfare of the soul was the predominating idea of the age. Then were there no pauper work houses, no lazar houses of the poor, no vile receptacles, in which these true children of God were congregated and, like the foul leper of old, secluded from the society of men. Then were they not driven from the streets by pains and penalties, lest perchance some delicate eye might fall upon their sores and squalid wretchedness and sicken at the nauseating sight. Away with the accursed plague-stricken! vile are they who have not gold—gold is worth—gold worships religion! Of old a mighty monarch* kissed the hand that received his alms: of old princes in all lands, as now in Catholic lands, in humble imitation of the Saviour's act, were wont annually to wash the feet of a company of beggars and serve them at their royal table; thus calling to mind the equality of all souls in Christ and the necessity of true charity and love for the destitute and lowly. Go, ruler of paupers, boaster of the excellent public charity administered by men, beadles and overseers, to whom your lordlings would not entrust the care and guardianship of their sleek kennelled hounds, go, to the city of the seven hills and behold, in holy times, the father of all Catholic Christendom, the meek old man, the pious sovereign, the mild ruler and beneficent prince, girt with a towel imitate the humility of his divine Master. Ye scoff? It is well. It is just. In your eyes poverty is crime, wealth is honor, humility disgrace. To your soul the ancient spirit is incomprehensible, its simplicity is superstition, its almsdeeds mockery, its purity hypocrisy. Your heart is not attuned in unison with the heart of the past, the heart of the present yet in Catholic lands. "The great antique heart! how like a child's in its simplicity, like a man's in its earnest solemnity and depth! Heaven lies over him

* St. Louis, King of France.

wheresoever he goes or stands on the earth, making all the earth a mystic temple to him, the earth's business all a kind of worship."*

Then were there no pauper houses—the whole land was one extended refuge, one open asylum for the poor, the sick and the blind. Every church had its hospice, every castle and convent its arched window, with the single eloquent inscription, "alms." Every monastery its daily doles, its great hall for the weary traveller, its resting places for all men who came, its gifts of charity, its deeds of mercy. To love one's neighbor as one's self, and to receive the poor in God's name, were the acting principles of all men. "A great law of duty high as these two infinitudes, dwarfing all else, annihilating all else!" For this were founded the vast monastery, the abbey, the hospital. Men beheld in good works an imitation of the Saviour and felt beside that they were by their performance laying up for themselves a rich treasure in heaven. Those were not the ages of rationalism. Then no man ever dreamed that the reason and passion of the individual should be the only guide, and that salvation was equally secured for him, whether he sought with his whole soul, or turned aside from the struggle in disgust. Then was that command in truth felt and obeyed, that the kingdom of heaven must be taken by holy violence. For this purpose men made foundations and endowments.

In the reawakening of the old spirit in these days, when great souls penetrating the thick veil of prejudice, philosophers, Protestants and even infidels, bear testimony to the fame and do justice to the memory of poor long slandered monks, shall we pause to utter one single word in their defence? Facts are vindicating the ages that have gone—the present is pleading, in its toils and suffering—bitter eloquence!—for the past. England is crying out for the old days that have gone from her to the dim past, for ever? God knoweth! In the heart of her church has arisen a party, emphatically claiming to be the church, demanding back the ruined monastery, the solemn chaunt, the glowing light upon the altar, the gorgeous vestment—aye, yet more than all these, almost the old faith itself. "Oh heavens, what shall we say of Puseyism in comparison to the twelfth century of Catholicism Little or nothing, for indeed it is a matter to strik one dumb." * Shall they be contented witl the outward semblance while the spirit is no there? Will they still gaze upon the painte cheek of the lovely dead? Will not the Al mighty stretch forth his hand as of old in Naim and raise from the bier of death this slumber ing child of the widowed mother? Aye, le that mother pour forth her sighs and tears and besiege him with her prayers for the dea offspring baptized ages ago by Augustine, an he will hush the long train of mourners, h will bid stand still the grim phantoms wh bear the lifeless body to the tomb, he wil stretch forth his hand, he will lift it up an restore it to the glad mother, warm, lifelik and glowing, as of old, in the ages of its faith Three prophetic days hath the prostrate form been stretched upon its stern, silent, rocky resting place. The fourth hath come: and is thy Lord upon his path with the chosen twelve to roll aside the stone from thy dark tomb prison, and bid them "come forth," "bound hand and foot, with grave clothes," as thou art—not yet quite free—and in thy winding sheet? Art thou awakening, England, in this fourth day of death, to join once more thy gladdened sisters? Are these fresh struggles† the first thrills of life renewing in thy veins? "Come forth, Lazarus!" Widowed mother, saddened sisters,‡ pray, earnestly. Thou hast seen the bright eye of Spain dimmed with tears, her breast red with blood, mother, and thou hast sent up thy wailing voice from the whole world, from all thy Catholic children: and thou hast seen the usurper fallen, the persecutor of thy fair daughter driven from her soil in shame and disgrace, and the shepherds of her children returning in triumph from exile and misery. From the hour in which the voice of prayer went up throughout the world for Spain, the sword of Espartero lost its edge, his genius dimmed, his spirit faltered, his power waned and fell!§ Courage, good mother, thou art not all widowed yet! Thy heavenly spouse is with thee; turn thee to him, his ear is open to thy prayer!

* Carlyle, page 72.

* Carlyle, p. 72.

† Puseyism.

‡ Two distinct miracles of our Saviour are here referred to.

§ See Count Montalembert's eloquent speech in the French Chamber of Peers, on the subject of National Education.

"Dim as through a long vista of seven enturies, dim and very strange that monk fe to us:"* wonderful in its self-devotion, ts piety, its labor, its never faltering zeal. Dead to the flesh and the world the ancient nonk, as the monk now, turned his eye alone o heaven, and if its gaze fell ever on the arth, it was only when it saw reflected below, n the pure mirror-wave of charity, the glow- ng sky above. How could these men but lleviate the sufferings of the poor? Their ouses had wealth: but they were only its tewards—the almoners of saintly men who ad conferred that wealth upon them. Great nded possessions were attached to them by he munificent charity of noble barons and ious ladies, and always around them, not ar from the convent gates, grew up under neir fostering wing, towns, villages and ham- ets, comfortable, pious, and therefore happy vith *true* happiness. Prayer and alms-deeds, n the service of God, the great object of neir lives were diversified by literary and nanual labors. With their learning and their laims upon the gratitude of this age's intel- ect, we have nothing here to do,† but solely vith the benefits they conferred upon the poor, ne worker, the dwellers around them. They ossessed their lands and coffers not for them- elves, but for the poor. And truly the earth vas given for the support of the children of arth; and its good things for their enjoy- nent: and he who hath, by the permission of God, accumulated more of these than is neces- ary for his own support in comfort, should emember that there is an implied condition ttached to this possession that he should give f his superfluity to those who are destitute. This did the landlord of old, monk, and rough monk, knightly baron, bear in mind. They held their lands of God by the fee and ervice of charity to man. For this did the ndholder in ancient days of faith, bestow pon the pastor of the flock the tenth of all roduce—the tithe of the increase. Easy was ne rule of monk and priest, and right glad were tenants to hold of them. Little did these holy men need for themselves—they had no families—and why should they grind the poor to give to the poor? Their few wants sup- plied, and sometimes too but scantily, the balance was devoted to the relief of the indi- gent, the furnishing of marriage portions to the poor and virtuous maiden, the assistance of the sick, the ransom of Christians from captivity. But it was among their own poor that the monasteries distributed most of their treasure, and in their own rural or civic dis- tricts that all their revenues were spent. Thus the country round them prospered—and was not drained of the value of its proceeds yearly to be spent in some bloated capitol, the means and seed of vice. There was in those ages no absenteeism—besides many other isms of these times. The indigent thus became in reality part owners with them of the soil. Daily doles of provisions were dealt out at their gates to all comers, without question or repulse. These were the rents paid daily to their poor joint tenants in the soil.

Wherever the monastery was founded, the country began to smile and grow happy. Bar- ren tracts they reclaimed by the indefatigable, uncomplaining labor of their hands: vast forests they swept from the land and bright waving fields of wheat gladdened the eye in their stead. Where fens and bogs and heaths now lie useless and untilled, the monks of old reaped rich harvests for their toil. They were the fosterers of agriculture;* their estates were model farms in the land: and wherever their sway extended, peace and plenty smiled upon the earth. And the great portion of this wealth was applied to the support of the poor, with Christian love and charity. Their con- dition therefore was alleviated: but also that other great class, the laborer, was benefitted. Labor was made honorable, a Christian's duty: *Laborare est orare.* They could be happy, for they knew that in their need help was within their reach—good, Godlike charity. The value which these workers produced returned and circulated among themselves—making them the richer for their work—it was not drained away for foreign luxuries.

What must have been the consequences that followed upon the confiscations of religious estates, and the diversion of their wealth into

* Carlyle, page 44.

† For an excellent view of the intellect of the past, onsult Mr. Wallis's lecture, page 15. We have ought it entirely unnecessary to enter into a critical xamination of the works which head our paper. The bject is too vast and comprehensive to admit of even condensation of their matter in our narrow limits: n some points, not intimately connected with our sub- ct, we must refer our readers to the works them- lves.

* Edinb. Encyc. Art. Agriculture.

other channels? The monasteries were suppressed by a greedy tyrant:* their riches were seized for his own use or that of the base panderers who fawned around him. Many thousand monks were driven destitute from their homes—so many more poor men who had been before supporters of the poor. Countless numbers too of artizans and workmen deprived of all employment—so many more claimants for already diminishing charity. Avaricious were these fawners, who now held the monk's estate, and sorely did they oppress their once happy tenantry—doles were doled out no more, and rents were raised—farms were deserted, fens and bogs and heaths began to spread in their place. The tenants themselves became paupers. The poor filled the streets of towns and cities with their lamentations—poor-laws were invented, penalties were laid upon them for begging, the pillory, the red hot brand of iron,† and the tread-mill were their portion, scoffs and scorn were given with their daily bread. The Catholic faith had ceased to reign—it was almost crushed out of the hearts of the people with their dearest blood. There was no longer in men's eyes merit in good works; voluntary poverty had become now wild folly: charity a thing to be measured out by law. Desolation and mourning stalked across the land, destroying cathedral, chapel, monastery, free asylum, and building up starving pauper-houses and full-compensation board and lodging-hospitals. The cupidity which had given rise to the reformation, continued still to direct all its movements. Self-interest became the vital principle—gold, the God—the search after gold, religion. Then came pluralities and absenteeism, and married clergy, and seeking after rich benefices, and high places for sordid profit. Then came the anxious race for a lovely partner of this world's pleasures—heiresses or young ladies whose families had influence or advowsons. Then came much sueing and demand for bishops' daughters‡ and neglect of religious instruction: then contempt, then doubt, then infidelity. Men were not content to become rich by slow degrees—they could not coin gold, they issued paper, combinatio were formed: every thing was to be done b companies. The power of the few wealth expands itself over the land, concentrating a riches within their own magic circle! A ne aristocracy arises—not the aristocracy of bloo not the aristocracy of intellect—but the ari tocracy of gold. They cast their nets fort they entangle in the meshes the already en slaved poor, they hold out to them work, an once in their power, they grind them to th earth, selling their sweat, and blood, an tears, and the wailings of their famished chi dren to foreign lands, to make six, and ten twenty per cent dividends. There are n holydays now, as of old; no masks, no mys teries, no joyous festivals, no May dances, n Christmas carols, save Boz-like from their pr son bounds: no old baronial hall rejoicings no, not even rest is there for the wearied limb of the poor worker. He is yoked to the ca of mammon, and the lash and the goad sti drive him on until he faint and fall and di Hath he a soul? Truly men thought so once but now he is worked like an ox or an ass All things now are "in the market"—gold i the commodity: it is cheap at the price o souls. "Come bid—here is gold! here is gold who will bid? Here is gold for souls, wh will bid?" See how they gather, how the press, the men of this age, how they outbi each other, offering not their own souls alone but the souls and bodies of all they can grasp by the way.

Truly, once of old these souls were rare merchandize and bought with Christ's blood

If there were, then, no railroads, no canals no steam power, no vast factories—there wer also no twenty hour systems, no starvatio wages, no calculating the minimum that woul keep soul in body to enable the poor worke to toil on and increase dividends for thos already rolled in wealth. There was no gin cellar trade—no harnessing of men and wome together like beasts to loaded wains, half naked far in the bowels of the earth, where the ligh of the blessed sun could not penetrate. Ther was no chartism, save when the Catholic ba rons and the Catholic prelates and the Ca tholic people uprose in might to demand th great charter of England's liberties: ofte trampled on but ever preserved by the strug gles of the same barons, the same prelates

* See July No. U. S. Cath. Magazine.

† Cobbett's Letters, p. 252.

‡ See Cobbett's humorous account of the clerical patronage of the Bishops of Winchester, as distributed amongst his sons and the husbands of his daughters. Page 87, Letters on the Reformation.

he same people, through each succeeding ge, until indeed the genius of the reformaion came to banish it from England's soil and ubstitute therefor its nine and thirty articles, nd pains and penalties, tortures, dungeons, eath for "papist," and dissenter. Then first ell England's liberties.* The old common aw derived from "monkish," dark-age, Alred's institution was robbed of its brightest ems, and Englishmen were shorn of their earest privileges, by statutes stained with lood. And did they submit? They armed n defence of their rights, but dispersed by eceitful promises, fell victims to the tyrant's ury. The axe and the gibbet silenced oppoition, and England's people became in time nd by the certain operations of her new relious principles, the creatures that haunt about er giant factories, starved, gaunt and miserale—slaves to the followers of mammon, ondsmen of masters, who coin their blood for ngots. Her agricultural population, reduced o the vilest ignorance, worse clothed and fed han the very convict, how can they compare vith the gallant yeomanry of old, who every here won England's battles; whose clothard shafts bore death unerring on their wings, hose true hearts and hard hands were Engnd's strength and glory? Alas, sad retrospecon! sad in its mournful contrast! Whither ave fled the gallant archers of Cressy and oictiers and Agincourt? The men who bore ie brunt of border war, who won such glory s never more shall England win? Old Lionheart—mighty impersonation of the past!—nconquerable, where the sword was red and ie spear was shattered, where the plume ildly tossed in the thick mélée, and pennon nd banner waved, where the bold destrier eighed and pranced, and the battle-axe rang ernly upon helm and shield and cuirass—arrior, bound from thy sleep of seven cenuries and look upon thy England now! Come ith thy old fame, won by the holy sepulchre f Christ, and once dear to Englishmen, come, ok upon her glory paled, her proud and galnt bearing fallen, her princes merchants, okers money-lenders, and her owners facry-masters! Not England's blood rules o'er y England now; but serfs of a foreign line, y nobles bow the knee, transferred like slaves with an estate, from one Dutch sovereign to another. Seest thou, old gallant heart, yon poor creeping, wretched, ragged thing, bent as it were with age, yet in its very prime, with visage sallow and with sunken eye, its lank, thin hair uncombed, its limbs distorted, and its frame worn down with toil! Knowest thou him? He is the descendant of the gallant yeomen who rallied round thee at the seige of Acre: whose bold bluff faces glowed with bright, red, looks of joy, when thy stern voice sent forth, "St. George for Merrie England!" whose bowstrings twanged and whose cheerful shout rang out, as, ever by thy side, they bore down on the Saracen! Bold hearted were they, they and their brethren—for England's yeomen were then all such—bold and freehearted were they, upright in form and mind, and fearing none but God. Thee, old Lionheart, they loved; for thou in heart, and hand, and soul, didst nobly prove thyself England's born son. Aye, *they* were *men*. No starved six per cent dividend workers then! No joint stock factories then! Thy old barons, in their halls had many places, and thy monks had food for the hungry and raiment for the naked; and thou hadst a high true heart for all. The veriest serf had more to love and live for than yon creeping, crawling thing! Ha! Old Lion-heart, dost thou veil thy head? weep?

Old warrior! when shall thy England see thy like again? When shall she see her kings lead on her armies—her own old glorious blood rule o'er her sons—her own free sons—not foreign hirelings, not mercenary slaves—but the true heart's core of her own land, leap up at the bugle's blast, and rally round the lion-standard? Thy glory is mostly of the past. True, in these days thou hast butchered thy thousands and myriads in thy sister isle! True, in the far east thou hast flooded the rice-fields of the meek Indian with his own tears and blood, until the sacred Ganges ran red and swollen with the slaughtered bodies of her children! True thou hast forced the vile intoxicating drug upon a mighty empire by the stern arguments of war and death, in order that thy merchants might coin the sorrows of the ruined Chinese family into guineas—aye, that he might seize their souls and bodies, peace and earthly happiness, to bid and buy up gold. True, with wonderful philantnropy thy ships are scouring the seas to prevent the

* For a full and spirited account of St. Henry the ghth's reformation, see Cobbett.

accursed trade in human blood! But still there is gold at bottom and not glory. The rescued slave thou hast sent to serve as an apprentice in West India isles.* Thou hast reaped gold from the slaughtered east, from oppressed Erin, and from vanquished China gold and shame!

Truly thy glory, England, is all of the past. These yeomen of thine—how many millions, Ixion-like, are bound to the ceaseless factory wheel? How many millions destitute, starving—how many imprisoned in "Mudfogg-work-houses,"† with "Bumble" beadle and thin "oat-meal water gruel"-starvation systems—how many seeking relief from want of food in poor houses, and, rushing from poor house gradual-death-diet, through crime, to better diet in prisons and still better in hulks and convict transport ships?‡ How many destitute of religious instruction—how many living and dying without having heard the name of the blessed God? Ah! thou hast no charity now! Much poor-tax hast thou, and daily increasing—but its burden is on the poor. There is no charity in compulsory gifts. Some societies hast thou for distributing clothes and food by good hearted woman—woman, who ceases to be woman, when she ceases to be tender hearted. But where is the spirit of voluntary poverty and of true charity, that worketh good works for the love of God and the salvation of the soul? How do they compare with thy olden institutions, and their founders, with thy olden people, the "blessed merciful?" Alas! their existence as societies, few in numbers, marked out, and prominent, as charitable among all thy world beside, but proves the deep selfishness, the utter want of charity, even human in its motives, which pervades thy land—the single bright and shining spot but deepens the gloom of the entire picture.

Little like angels are ye, Angles; but very slaves of mammon and searchers for self profit. Work, sordid world work, is your spire. The factory worker—hath he holidays and festivals, May-day dances, merry green sward revels, rest? His weary limbs are stretche in slumber deep, yet restless with fatigue rise up unrefreshed and to resume by mi night his life-destroying labor. No Lord's da hath he, no solemn festival—but like the ox ass, a mere dull day of joyless body-rest. Li tle he knows or cares of the future—the pr sent hath horror enough for him. Sullen an discontented he drags his wretched, broke toil-worn body to its early grave, seeking n thing there perhaps but rest and refuge fro despair.

Accursed mammon-worship! and what hav thy followers gained by this bloody toil, th murderous slaving of man's labor, bound thy car by the iron chain of bread? Is it n great and wonderful, this achievement? Dot it not cry for England's praise and the world' admiration? Say rather England's tears an the world's sorrow! And how? Have w not spun and woven? Do not our ships bea to all climes the products of our toil, the skil ful works of our craftsmen? Do we not glu the very markets? Aye, *that* in sober truth until thou hadst better cast the surplus in th sea. The love of gold, forgetful of the ol spirit of charity and Christian love, sought b every means to gratify itself. What to it wa the suffering of the laborer, what his bloo toil paid with starving wages? What th peaceful quiet holidays, which all the worl beside him, and his forefathers too of old, en joyed? The revolution which had given ris to this religion of self, this mammon-worship first daughter of Protestant principles, had also abolished these holidays. Here was a grea gain to the mammon seeker. The sam weekly wages would purchase, perhaps, on day's work more. Wonderful gain, great ad vantage over other lands, Catholic poor liv ing, not six per cent, death-labor, fosterings England is more powerful than Joshua. Fo one day only bade he the sun stand still: ful forty days at least hath England compelled the year to bide. All England works forty days more than other lands, than herself of old The wages of forty working days each worke earneth more, but whose these wages? The same pittance will support him now as before, and these are not the times when men pay more for work than needs they must. The

* "Great Britain is now importing negroes, it is said, from the coast of Africa into her West India colonies with the avowed purpose, by the multiplication of laborers, of reducing the price of labor to the very minimum of human subsistence." Brownson's Quarterly Review. † "Oliver Twist," chap. i.

‡ See England and the English, vol. i, comparative table of diets, &c. p. 135.

* Bishop Hughes' Lecture

ırplus is for the wealthy owner, the chartered ɔmpany. Let the worker complain; what ıen? dismissal and starvation. Forty days ave been gained, the mammon-seeker hath rung from the hard hand and crushed heart the bread-bound worker forty days more ork without wages. England begins to sur-ass all lands in work. She has forty days ıore to work in. Yet more, mammon-wor-ıipper, yet more! Away with rest and con-nt, ten hour systems or twelve hour systems. gain, like Joshua, bid the sun stand still! ngthen these work days! Seventeen hours,* venty hours! and each worker hath gained ıother half work day or whole work day for ıe day of old. All England worketh another ear in every year—two years work doth the orker in one, two years wages earneth he in ıe. And to whose profit? Verily if to his wn, it were little use in factory owners to ing this thing about. The master of this ead-slave getteth two years' work out of him r one year's wages. Doth the slave com-lain? Starvation again!

But yet more, mammon-blood-worshipper! ngland hath not men enough for thee to sa-ifice, women, girls, boys—there are no chil-ren among the workers, they are infant aves. They "have no young times. The ıild is a stranger to the fond caress, the sooth-ıg lullaby. It was never sung to, no one told a tale of nursery. It was dragged up to live r die as it happened. It had no young dreams. broke at once into the iron realities of life."† oor child, alas! not child but infant worker—eventeen hours a day, creeping under swift heels, mid thick dust, distorting thy young mbs in all monstrous shapes, or roused pant-ıg from the floor by the stinging lash to do ıy work! Tearless and silent in thy grief!‡ oor child, how sweet a change for thee, the easeless slumber of the grave, for thy weary even hours' rest!

Come, old lion-heart, rally thy bold free earted yeomen round thee at thy bugle's ast, and bid them look upon their sons. Ha! m phantoms, do ye wander round these spots ccursed, wringing your shadowy hands in si-nt agony at the dread misery and shame of your own lineal offspring? And hear ye? The masters of the Anglo-slaves do shout into their ears, that they are happy and enlightened, while ye were priest-ridden, sunk in misery and darkness! Smile ye through your tears the grim smile of threatening scorn? Come Saxon Cedric, and brass collared, swine herd, Gurth, horn-thrall of Cedric, look on the free sons of England! Born thrall, thou next, but thou hadst bread and good stout ale, and beef and pork,* I warrant me, and thou didst stretch thee, through the long day, upon the green sod, beneath some massy oak and gaze up through the dancing leaves upon the bright clear heaven, sending about aloft a whispered air, and sounding a merry "ho!" to thy old dog "fangs!"† No twenty hours' system for thee, no starvation diet, no six per cent dividend work, thrall Gurth. Poor dormence serf, wilt thou not be enlightened too, as are the bread slaves of England now? Happy wert thou! Thou hadst bread and thou couldst pray. Cedric, brandish thy boar spear, worse than the hated Norman is scourging thy dear England!

But yet more. Labor is still dear at half starvation wages. Machinery is invented that does the work of thousands—down come wages to full starvation. England becomes the worldly work-shop and her own work-house. She fills every market—she will destroy all competition unless other nations follow her example. They do so. Holidays are abolished, days of obligation become days of devotion. The poor cannot starve. They must seek to keep pace, even in Catholic lands, with the work of England—or their occupation will be gone and the very means of charity itself taken from them. The world imitates England's example. Every where there is a glut—every where a sudden fall of prices, lower, lower, and after them come wages or no employment—immense masses out of work, starving. Then radicalism and finally rebellion and massacre.‡ Thus does

* England and the English, vol. i, p. 123.
† The last essays of Elia.
‡ Evidence of Mr. Thomas Daniel in evidence on e Factory Bill.

* See Cobbett, sixteenth letter, proving by unquestionable authority, such as acts of parliament, "that the food of the poorer sort was beef, pork, mutton and veal;" "that they were fed in great abundance, and comfortably clothed in woollen garments;" "that they possessed all things which conduce to make life happy." Sec. 439 and c. † Ivanhoe.

‡ Here and perhaps elsewhere we may seem to verge on politics. We have nothing to do with politics. We are treating of the different systems of political economy of the past and the present. We must state the truth, let it cut where it may.

this curse of England alike curse other lands, even Catholic lands—but yet not equally—for there is a living principle, which must ever make a Catholic people just to the laborer independent of his employer. Justice he must do, and he feeleth that in him there is no inherent right to claim the whole value of the worker's labor as if he were a slave, but that where that labor becomes more valuable its reward should be proportionably increased. Besides, the Catholic believes in the necessity of charity and good works, and the whole spirit of the Catholic faith necessarily tends to elevate the soul of man far above mammon-worship—it makes money a mere means of doing good, not the whole end and object of this life. And how in England does this vast work-system operate? It hath made paupers, *one in every seven of her people.** It hath made the rich richer, and the poor poorer. It hath made both forget their God and cast aside almost belief in heaven. It hath taught them to look upon earth as their only abiding place, and to value earthly things as the reward of all their labors. Truly they have not then, rich or poor, one ray of the very light of happiness. Not happy the poor in fact in mere content in animal comfort, like swine-herd Gurthy, not happy either poor or rich in the hope of the happiness of heaven.

But why have we thus dwelt upon England? She is the boast of the new belief, or rather unbelief—she is the proudest trophy of the reformation. In her the material system hath wrought itself out more fully than in other lands and developed better its necessary results, centring all things on earth and centring all their earthly things on self, making her world one vast contention, one vast scene of discord for the fatal apple of gold. In her past, too, did the spirit well govern, making the present darkness contrast still stronger with its light. Yet in all lands this same effect may be traced out, varied by local causes and softened perhaps by human or accidental means. In this land of ours not much of this is yet perceptible. We have no part of the olden time; we have a new country and enjoy all the benefits and advantages which such a condition must produce in spite of every element, that would tend otherwise. And yet the spirit is here; although the poor are still protected by many accidental causes which do not prevail in England. Look for one moment at the selfish mammon-worship of this far favored land, the wild and reckless spirit of speculation too often turning to gather wealth through forgery and breaches of trust, perjury and grand frauds—not among the poor, the ignorant, the degraded, but staining at times those who claimed to be the highest in the land, the aristocracy of wealth. Who hath ever before heard of such magnificence—such sublimity and impunity in crime—poor paltry thousands, tens of thousands are despised, the public robber grasps at millions. Never before in this Christian world were such peculations, and yet, forsooth, these mighty criminals are but "defaulters!" Surely were never known in olden times such things as Millington banks and repudiation, and general bankrupt-law—ways of paying just debts. They were invented with modern improvements in manufactories, political economy, internal unpaid-for works, and religion. Throughout this free land there is abroad a spirit of licentious disregard of law and justice, a spirit of riot and bloodshed, a spirit of bitter persecution. If we were to look at the moral condition of other Protestant lands, we would be compelled to turn away in disgust. The inquiry has been already too frequently made to be entered upon here.

Truly then, dim old past, dim to those eyes that look upon them through a colored glass, truly thou hast been right well slandered. They who changed thy olden faith, in very shame belied thee, fearing that unless their brightness could be dimmer, their own sad spiritual darkness would be too apparent. Dark ages! Yes, in those ages there were no such workers as in these! Queens sat by the distaff;* noble maidens by the loom: gentle blood hath woven woofs and broidered scarfs, aye, and made banners for freedom's battles. The servant and his master knelt at the same altar and received alike the sacred body and blood of Christ their Saviour. Brothers they were, equal in soul, spiritual in their union, bound by that sacrament of life—how could the one oppress the other, how could the lord

* In Italy, dark popish Italy, the proportion is one in twenty-five! Poor benighted Italy. Build up factories in your temples!! See Brownson's Review.

* Digby's Ages of Faith, book vi.

nd down his tenant? Such is the conclu-
n of reason, such too the proof of facts—
e whole fact of the past. Exceptions there
ere, and they but prove how general was
e rule: and the abhorrence in which they
ere held, the stigma fastened to their names
aking them infamous through all time, bring-
g them to us only by their prominence of
ame, express in vivid coloring the charity
d beauty, and the love of justice of those
es. Justice they loved for itself—not for
ld, not for fame, not for earthly guerdon—
t for itself and God. It is the infamous
whom we hear, held up as warnings
the future. The just act is told—how
ldom do we hear the name of the just actor?
hey told not to the one hand the good deeds
the other. Look on yon ancient picture of
e past. An arched window of some vast old
stle or convent, with the inscription "alms;"
ound, a crowd of poor receiving, and there,
single hand distributing charity—there, pro-
cting perhaps beyond the wrist from the
rved stone screen, a single open hand.
Whose hand is that? who thus unknown be-
ows this alms? Oh! poetic, truthful painter,
ow hast thou caught the spirit of the olden
me in picturing this passing scene! How
ast thou fixed it, imperishable, on thy breath-
ig canvass, making it glow for ever like the
low of its own inward faith-fire? Aye,
hose hand is it? Answer that. Look
rough the centuries of that age, surnamed
e dark, behold the rich surface of the Catho-
c earth, scan it in its details, climb over hill
nd roam through valley—every where gaze
wonder on the universal monastery, hos-
ice, chapel, hospital, the thousand works of
aith and charity, and cry aloud, whose hand
s that? Who built and who endowed these
ountless blessed houses? Answer me that,
e ruins! Alas! some unknown pious hand,
ust visible until its bounty was bestowed.
Ruins! now, some where—what made ye
uins? Aye, very plain and visible that, no
idden arm and body there, alas! no!—Hid-
en body of the old past, with thy open visi-
le hand, thou art a strange spectacle, won-
rous in this money, notoriety-compensation
vorld of ours. No hospices founded now by
ich men in Protestant lands, giving the means
pon condition that their name should be con-
ealed. Ah! St. Vincent of Paul, and thy friend with the visible open hand and the hidden face and body, founder of the hospice* of Jesus in the suburb of St. Laurent, ye shall never see your like in Protestant lands, until they cease to be Protestant. Their charity seeks no reward in heaven; it knoweth no merit in good works—it seeks its reward on earth, in morning heralds, and daily paper puffs, and heading subscriptions. Thy charity, hidden arm, did look to heaven for reward. God grant thee, thou hast found it, with the choirs of angels and the blessed saints and martyrs, lovers and doers like thee of heavenly charity. Ah! open visible hand and hidden face and body of the past, how little doth this world now, that enjoys the benefits of thy labors and thy bounty distributed to posterity from thy arched window of dim long gone ages, know of thy beauty and thy merit? Thick stone screens conceal thee—stones cut from the heart-rocks of hatred and false witness-bearing bigotry. Nothing surely but the fire of the true faith, burning with fuel of pure charity, can melt these adamant heart-screens.

The poor† of the past were beloved and fostered. Wheresoever they went, for they were not then imprisoned in work-houses like felons robbed of the pure air and bright sun, they found food and raiment, and resting place, and churches ever open for their prayers. Charity was given then for the love of the poor and of God—not as now merely to preserve from death, what appears in modern systems of political economy, a useless member of society, a cumberer of the earth, a pauper. The poor worker was not ground to the earth. There was no competing for foreign markets—no underselling and starving out workers of other lands, but the mechanics of each country produced all, or nearly all, necessaries suffi-

* In France before the revolution, there were more than seven hundred hospitals. In Florence, in the sixteenth century, there were three hundred and five houses of charity some on a magnificent scale. In Rome, in the eighth century, there were four, subsequently increased until they reckoned twenty-five rich and vast hospitals, &c. Ages of Faith, book vii, 418.

† We have treated principally of the poor in these two ages as being the greater mass of human beings, and those upon whom the misery of either age would hardest rest: besides we think it necessarily follows that that age must be the happier where the great mass of the people are happier. The condition of the poor is an infallible index of the condition, moral, religious, as well as political, of the rich.

cient for their home consumption. Some few states, perhaps, from climate and situation, were better adapted for the production of certain articles of luxury and splendor, but in the manufacture of necessaries each land supplied itself. And how can one land supply many others without reducing its own population to misery by overwork and low wages in order to undersell and break down manufacturers abroad, thus reducing the workers of other lands to the same sad condition by taking their work out of their hands or compelling them too to fall to the starvation-wages-system? There was nothing of this of old. Each country had its own fullers and dyers, each its own workers in steel and iron. There was then no glutting markets. Man's mind did not dwell principally on earthly things, and therefore he did not pursue temporal advantage with his whole soul, to the farthest point, even to the injury of his neighbors. Besides, the rich man knew full well that if he wronged his neighbor, satisfaction must be made—no gifts even to the poor would suffice, no sorrow, no prayers alone—nothing without satisfaction, full and entire, to the wronged, if possible—even at the hour of death. And is it no wrong "to oppress the poor," "to defraud laborers of their wages?" These are the sins that "cry to heaven for vengeance." Thus teaches, and ever taught, the church, and that teaching was the great protection of the poor mechanic, the lowly worker, the very serf. In those days the chain of the serf hung lightly round him where her influence spread. Yet the church, like the angel in the prison of the apostle, reached forth her hand and that chain fell clanking to the earth.* The rights of men did not then depend upon protocols—the will of tyrants—the caprice of ministers or the justice of the people, but upon the resistless power of the voice of conscience.† The men of those days "knew of no justice towards God which did not include analogous duties towards man; of no beatitude for those who were unwilling to combat, and who did not exert all their efforts to win by perseverance the celestial crowns.‡ The laws of the past were few, the multiplication of crimes produced multiplication of laws.

The wealth of those days was principally the soil of the earth, and the soil-worker wa well nourished with the product of his labor Rents were light, and often paid in produce for men were satisfied with necessaries. Lit tle cared the steel-clad baron of old for sof raiment and delicate food. Many were th festivals and holidays of those times—but for gotten now to England's people are the merry games of old—the almost weekly holiday when the happy rustics gathered on the village green to wield the quarter staff, to leap, to run, to strike the bounding ball, to wrestle, and to draw the stout yew bow, while the joyous laugh and song went up from the group of dancing maidens, and the gray-haired grandsire and the sober elders, fathers and mothers too, looked on approvingly, and told, at each feat performed, the greater feats of their own happy youth. No merry-makings now—glad, happy hearts alone are merry, cheerful, gay! In town and country, all alike. London's old sports are gone: "foot-ball and cricket ground and bowling green, and spaces for archery and other pastimes are no more:" gin shops and worse shops are now the places of resort* for those who are not starving. Oh! England, things like these do show how thou art fallen! Thy children, born in sorrow, in sorrow live, in silent sorrow die. No light heart mirth, no merry festivals, no games upon the green, no plenty in their households, but ever stern, sad work and starving wages!

There were no pluralities, no absenteeism. The pastor ever lived among his flock, consoling them and cheering them in their afflictions. He was their father—had no earthly care but to instruct them in their duties to their God, their neighbor and themselves. Truly were they learned in the only knowledge which avails. The priest's life was spent among them and for them. Wherever the monk or priest appeared, around him gathered the pious villagers, the simple hearted rustics, or the dwellers in cities, to receive the benison of one set apart, ordained to the service of God, their spiritual guide, their father, friend, in sorrow and affliction. In sickness he was by their side to cheer their dying bed, to whisper in their ear the consoling name of Jesus,

* Guizot, History of Civilization.
† Ages of Faith, vi. ‡ Ibid. book vi, p. 4.

* For particular information on this subject, see "Festivals, Games, and Amusements." Harper's family library, No. 25, p. 106, &c. The author, though a good Protestant, regrets the changes from "popish" times.

pray for them, to anoint them with the holy
, and to watch and weep over the parting
uggle which was to end them in eternity.
hat cared he for plague—infectious or conta-
ous? Death could but shorten his pil-
mage in this exile here, and bring him to
crown for which he sighed. No fond
ks of earthly love retained his soul amid this
orld—his heart was for the poor and heaven.
How now, England, with thy pastors—plu-
ities, non-residences, and take-care-of-your-
f practical instruction? Thousands of thy
ildren, England, do not know the name of
od—thousands that know do not believe, and
llions will not worship him. Ah! England,
thou *happy* now with thy starving wages
d religious ignorance for the poor, thy prac-
al infidelity, thy hardness of heart, thy mam-
on-worship for the rich? How does thy
esent compare with thy past? How the sel-
hness of this, and the self-devotedness of that?
ow the hard-heartedness of this and the
aven-born charity of that? How the injus-
tice of this with the mercy and justice of that?
How the practical religion showing itself of
old, in all the concerns of life; in the cross
by the wayside, the shrine and the sacred fount,
to warn the traveller of the faith what he should
cherish; in the frequent monastery, the ever
open church, the hospital, the sweet vesper
bell, swelling at eventide o'er the still valleys,
in the whole life of man, from the cradle to
the tomb, surrounded and consecrated by reli-
gion, with the reckless unbelief in these days,
the ignorance, the contempt for holy things,
for God himself—the atheistical feeling that
pervades practically thy people?

Oh! England, rouse thee from thy trance,
and turn back thine eye upon thy past! Look
on thine old glory, thine old faith, thine old
content, thine old true happiness. Thy past
is there smiling upon thee from the page of
history, from the monuments around thee; thy
present is with thee, groaning, toiling, starving:
thy future is before thee, shape it, in God's
name, if thou canst!

THE POET'S PLEDGE.

BY MISS LEONORA WILSON.

A few leagues from the queen of cities, Rome, is a point where three roads meet, one leading to Tivoli, another to Alba
l the third to Rome. In the centre of the circle stands a stone cross now blackened and disfigured by time, and in a cavity
vn out of the stone is the figure of the Madonna on which the piety of the surrounding hamlets is evinced by a gaudy dis-
y of gems, a golden crucifix, and wreath of flowers. Four broad stone steps lead to this image."

'Twas eve. The parting sun had pour'd a flood
Of crimson radiance over hill and wood;
The smiling earth in silent beauty slept,
While eve's first glimm'ring star its vigil kept;
The gentle breeze that stirr'd the orange bower,
Stole sweetest fragrance from each closing flower,
And nature's wearied warblers sought their nest,
As the last rosy tint forsook the west.
'Twas such an hour as bears the soul away
On angels' pinions to bright realms of day,
A peasant girl now kneels before the cross,
Her white hands resting on the fresh green moss;
Her aves soon with gentle voice are said,
While perfum'd zephyrs float above her head;
Her prayers are o'er, yet still she lingers near,
With guileless heart, unmoved by aught of fear;
Her dark eyes gleaming with a holy light,
As round her hover visions fair and bright;

E'en her blue skies and flow'ry land of song
Have in her musings been forgotten long;
But deeper falls the shad'wy twilight veil,
While starry night her gentle queen doth hail.
The peasant rises from the dewy stone,
And turns again to seek her cottage lone;
But lo! a stranger's form now meets her eye,
Her rosy cheek assumes a deeper dye;
She, timid, views his proud and noble air,
And sadden'd face, which tells of grief and care;
His jetty locks but faintly ting'd with white,
His simple garb and panting steed in sight,
His manly voice whose accents rich and clear,
Blend in sweet unison to quell her fear,
As thus he spoke: "Fair maiden, canst thou tell
The path that leads to Rome's strong citadel?"
"Yes," gently she replied, "and happy thou
To view our proud and noble city now."
"And wherefore, maiden, should I be so gay,
The morrow will not be a festal day?"
"Ah, signor! then surely thou hast not heard
Of joy in Rome." "What means thy full fraught word,
Fair maiden, tell me, for I fain would know
What festa gives thy cheek so rich a glow?"
"Bright visions now float o'er our land of song,
And in the splendid capital, ere long,
The great Il Tasso gloriously they'll crown.
But thou must know him, for his great renown
Fills e'en each peasant's cot and lordly dome,
And thou wilt see him when thou reachest Rome."
"Aye, maid, I'll see him, but why dost not thou
Join the bright gala which thou speak'st of now?"
"I cannot, signor, I'm an orphan poor,
I could not then the city's pomp endure;
But as this flow'ry myrtle wreath I twine,
With fadeless laurels on our virgin's shrine,
I'll think of him for whom its buds were wove,
For o'er it his lov'd eye will never rove."
Then rose the stranger, and with trembling said,
"I'll see thy Tasso, maid, ere morn's light tread
The fair earth wake from her calm, dreamless rest;
But *thou* shalt place this garland on his breast,
For ere four setting suns thine eyelids greet,
In this green spot thy Tasso thou shalt meet;
Then take this jewell'd ring, a pledge 'twill be
Of the bright vision thou so soon shalt see,
And when the stranger's form shall leave thy sight,
'Twill tell thee of thy visitant to-night;
May joy and bliss in thy pure bosom reign,
And now, farewell—until we meet again."
He's gone. And now doth Inez turn her eyes
Upon his golden pledge that glitt'ring lies
'Neath the pale moonbeams on the glossy glade,
Where joyful lingers still the peasant maid.
She gazes, and upon her raptur'd sight
The glorious name of Tasso sparkles bright;
She trembles with delight, joy decks her brow,
And from her lips Il Tasso quivers now;

And though the darker shades of coming night
Dim, with their mantle, the pale moon's soft light,
She fears not, for the bright stars shine afar,
And in her bosom gleams a lovelier star.
* * * * * * * *
But now the fourth bright laughing day hath come,
And joyous Inez early leaves her home;
A crimson glow suffuses now her cheek,
Her gentle eyes with lustrous beauty speak,
While at her side the glist'ning garland lay,
And her young heart throbs light with visions gay;
And long she waits, till e'en the sun's last beam
Has shed upon the earth its transient gleam.
She turns the jewelled gift within her hand,
When from the city there appears a band,
Which slowly moves, till now before the cross,
All sadly kneel upon the dewy moss.—
Their prayers are over, and the maiden sees
A laurel chaplet quiver in the breeze;
She, fearful, asks the immortal hero's name,
Who e'en in death wears the bright stamp of fame,
And from the mourning crowd in accents low,
Escapes the thrilling name of Il Tasso.
Then gazed the maiden sadly tow'rds the sky,
And as the tearful band moved slowly by,
She gently laid her own green myrtle wreath
Upon his breast who calmly slept beneath.

ROME.

N the days of the Cæsars there was but one language, but one law, but one empire roughout the world. From the gorgeous ılace by the banks of "the yellow Tiber," e light of the imperial countenance went ancing over every valley, sparkling in every ream, and lighting up every hill top; enli- ning all upon whom its rays descended— hilst all withered, shrank and died, over hom the clouds of its wrath cast the shadow gloom. Rome's master seemed a terres- ial sun. His lieutenants commanded pro- nces that are now mighty kingdoms; and e meanest of his dependants would have orned possessions that are now the in- pendent dominions of rich and powerful inces.* The refined and enlightened nations ho dwelt on the beautiful shores of the Me- terranean, from the straits of Calpe to the sea of Marmora, and the wild inhabitants who hung around the outskirts of civilization, alike submitted to the power, and gloried in the majesty of the august successor of the Cæsars. One hundred and twenty millions of people bowed down before the sacred symbols of the emperor, and forty legions of tried and veteran warriors bore his name inscribed upon their conquering eagles.

The car of the "iron empire" had rolled on thus far, aided and propelled even by the storms which had assailed it; and, like the chariot of the Indian god, crushed under its bloody wheels all who lay prostrate in its path: but its destiny was accomplished, and the time for its destruction was about to arrive. A new power was to spring up amid its palaces; a new power, not of the sceptre nor the sword, but a power of the *Spirit*, which, from the great centre of the eternal city, was to rule

* See the petty states of Germany.

over the hearts of men. From the slaughter of Remus on the palatine, to the hour when Cæsar Augustus became the supreme arbiter of nations, this consummation was preparing. The foundations of the new empire were begun when the twins first fortified the palatine—every victory of the haughty sons of Rome but opened the way for that supremacy which was hereafter to spring up; every conquered province was a new stone quarried out for the temple which the new power was about to rear in honor of the living God; every subjugated city a priceless gem to adorn its walls; every enslaved nation another pillar to strengthen and to beautify the mighty and eternal edifice. It seemed good to the all-wise Providence that the nations of the earth should be prepared to submit to his sweet and gentle yoke, and that its kingdoms and people should be at peace and united under one head, that the temporal unity and supremacy of the Roman empire might change, at once, into the spiritual unity and supremacy of his holy church.

In a secluded village of a remote province, as the prophets had foretold, was born, in a stable, the Messiah, Jesus, the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. He came to establish the new law, not by earthly power, but by the power of his Father who was in heaven: he preached, he wrought miracles, he suffered and died upon the cross. From among the poor and illiterate he chose twelve men, to whom he gave all power which his Father had given him upon earth, who were to spread the glad tidings of his coming, his faith, his death; who were to go forth without staff or scrip to declare, to the Jew, the fulfilment of the prophecies, and, to the gentile, that the gates of heaven had been opened by the blood of him who came to save all men: who, without learning, without power, without eloquence, were to subdue the learned, the powerful, the eloquent; who, poor and despised and scoffed at, were to humble the rich and the proud and the haughty, who, scourged and chained and tortured to the death, were to be honored, revered, and crowned with eternal glory.

After He had ascended to his Father to reign with him in celestial glory, he sent down upon his weak and trembling followers his Holy Spirit to strengthen and confirm, to teach and inspire their souls. Bolts and bars were wi drawn, fear and every earthly feeling we cast aside; and he, the chief of the apostl who with oaths and curses had denied h Master to the very slave of the high prie declares to the astounded people that they h crucified the Son of God, the Messiah. Me of all nations and of every tongue, listen the dauntless speaker, and drink in the inspir teachings in the old familiar words that h been first lisped by their infant lips amid t long since broken family circle, and that r called fond thoughts of the distant homes a the departed friends of their early yout Men from the east and the west—the wi Arab and the polished Greek, the wander from the Nile, and the stranger of Rome, t Phrygian and the Chasharian from the shor of the Euxine, listened astounded and di mayed, and, at length, delighted and entranced as the sweet sounds of his native languag struck upon his ear. The apostle spoke, an every man heard in his own tongue. Th Jew, who vainly dreamed of royal honors an of earthly kingdoms, turned away in scorn as he heard the voice of the fisherman declar the coming and the servile death of the Mes siah: but, startled by the wondrous miracl that proclaimed itself in a thousand differen tongues, he gazed for a moment upon the agi tated faces of that countless multitude, then cast himself prostrate at the feet of the apos tle and avowed his faith in Him who was cru cified.

On that day were baptized three thousand souls!

Wherever the apostles preached, miracles attested their preaching—miracles, not wrought secretly and in silence, not before the willing faith of ardent followers, not doubtful and uncertain; but miracles wrought in the midst of thousands, and before the hardened and unbelieving, before the despiser of the followers of Christ. The blind see, the lame walk, and the dead are raised to life.

The foes of the new faith are aroused; and upon the chief of the apostles first falls the fury of their hate. He had been the first to preach to the Jew—the first to preach to the gentile; and he was to be the first after his divine Master to suffer persecution. But his time was not yet come: his God had great things in store for him whom he had chosen

rom among the chosen. Bolts and bars can-
ıot retain him; he is bound and manacled;
ɔut they, who had bound and manacled the
ıpostle in his dungeon, as they approach the
emple, with terror and affright listen to the
listant sound of his voice as he teaches the
ıssembled multitude in its very porch. There
s now no fear in his heart—it is changed! He
s the *rock* on which a great edifice is to be
ɔuilt; and he becomes as bold and as fearless
ıs he had before been faint-hearted and timid.

He presides over councils; he settles ques-
ions of controversy; he allays disputes; he
ɔvercomes difficulties. To him all look up as
:he chief, as the pastor, as the father.

Seven years Peter tarried at Antioch in his
ɔnward progress to take possession of his new
empire—he was fortifying the outposts—for
:he centre and citadel was Rome. In the me-
tropolis of the east he founded a church,
which was famed for ages for its learning and
its piety. At length, in the year 40 of the
Christian era, and seven years after the igno-
minious death of his divine Master, the apos-
tle set foot in Rome—he marched, a Christian
monarch, to his destined capital—a martyr hero
to his triumph—a victim to the sacrifice.
Among the proud, the gay and the haughty,
preached and taught the stern rude fisherman
from Judea. In the ears of the idle and the
effeminate, he sounded the dread words of
"sorrow and repentance;" to the dissolute he
preached chastity; to the luxurious temper-
ance; to the mighty humility of heart. He
found a thousand deified vices, with their
myriads of infatuated followers, bowing down
in vile adoration. He told to the fierce heathen
that he would cast down his idols—he would
purify his polluted temples, he would establish
a new religion. He found a people sunk in
vice, glorying in debauchery, whose very reli-
gion taught the precepts of immorality, and
whose gods had carried those vile precepts
into practice: he came to change the face of
society—to conquer the passions of man, to
eradicate self-love, to destroy avarice, to tear
down all the foul usages which self-idolatry
had erected in the temple of the heart. And
he succeeded.

The success of such an undertaking, which
had to war not only with human nature in its
most depraved condition, but with the fiercest
fires of persecution, with the terrible ven-
geance of a Nero, irritated at the aspersions
of his subjects, and seeking with the instinct
of a coward and a tyrant for an unarmed and
unresisting victim, upon which to vent his
fury; the success of such an undertaking is
in itself the miracle of miracles. Had the sa-
cred ambassadors who preached penance and
mortification, prayer and fasting, held out to
the rabble the hope of plunder, or to the
wealthy the hope of power, or to the enslaved
the hope of liberty, then might we gaze with-
out wonder, at least without astonishment,
upon the stupendous change which was event-
ually brought about. But they preached
poverty, humility and submission to the rightly
constituted authorities: and the poor laborer
and the slave forgot his murmurs and blessed
the goodness of his God, as he toiled under
his oppressive burdens; the young and the
gay deserted the theatres and the circus, and
the gorgeous "hall of feast," to fast and to
pray in the darkness of the catacombs; the
haughty patrician ceased to dream of power
and grandeur, and exchanged the *fasces* for
the cross of the crucified. No human means
could have brought about this consummation,
and no human causes ever aided in the work;
for human means would have used mere hu-
man impulses, and human causes would have
tended to produce human effects. The im-
pulse which was at work, was overthrowing
the evil passions of humanity—the effect was
the triumph of a faith, pure, unsullied, hea-
venly, which mortified and restrained the pas-
sions, which was opposed in every portion to
the vile tendency of fallen nature. Therefore
the cause, which wrought this wondrous
change, must be looked for elsewhere than in
the corrupted channels of the heart.* But
the sneering infidel will hint that crowds were
attracted by the grossness of the ideas which
the primitive Christians entertained concern-
ing the new Jerusalem—the walls of gold in-
laid with gems, the precious stones, the peren-
nial springs, the tree of life, the songs of joy,
the never-ending repose—all, all painted with
the glow of poetry, all sparkling with the
brilliancy with which the imagination of the
east ever invests the subjects of its devout
contemplation, all brighter and more gorgeous
than the wildest fiction which the poet of Per-
sia recites to his wondering auditory. What!

* Gibbon, p. 262, vol. i.

will men quench their passions to gratify those passions? will men cast aside the present enjoyment of riches of countless gold, of joys such as the Bacchan wildly revelled in, of all the good things of this earth, for the hope of *mere gold* and jewels and fine garments in the future. Will man give up those pleasures, and suffer persecution, scorn, hatred, torments, death, in the vain hope of possessing that *hereafter*, which *here* he has scorned and trampled under foot? "Oh, most lame and impotent conclusion!" But these reasons might at least induce the poor and the destitute? The poor and the destitute died gloriously for the faith, resisting the *proffered gold* of the Roman judges, who tempted them to destruction. Alas for human pride—the pride of intellect, the pride of *reason;* aspiring to ascend beyond the limits which have been set to its power, it becomes bewildered and confused, and stoops to arguments and subterfuges for using which, in another cause, even a schoolboy would have been chastised. Why, proud reasoner, did these men suffer? Was it to assert their belief in a vain dream? Was it to prove their fanatical zeal in behalf of a metaphysical doctrine, to display their confidence in the truth of a mere opinion in which they could have been mistaken? They died to give evidence, many of them, of facts which they had seen, of words which they had heard proceed from the lips of their divine Master; facts, in which they could not be mistaken, and which the wildest folly could not have imagined and thus asserted: facts, plain, simple, unadorned, which occurred before thousands, all of whom declared their existence, and suffered death in evidence and confirmation of that declaration. Men have died for a false opinion, still believing, in death, that they were right; for in opinion men may honestly be mistaken. But it would be madness to suppose that men would submit to death affirming that their own eyes had seen the risen from the dead, or the sick man healed, and yet that they died willingly in evidence of a preconcerted falsehood. It was this evidence, and the evidence of a thousand miracles, that gathered around the apostles the crowds of willing converts, who believed and were baptized; and in this evidence, without seeking further, the infidel might have found the wonderful cause of the rapid progress of the faith. Men looked upon the martyr under the scourge, upon the rack, and amidst the curling flames, and felt that the *facts* of which they gave such testimony must be true. They looked and were converted; and the fact of their conversion in the very age in which those miracles were said to have occurred, should have been a warning to the scoffer; should have been to him a living proof of that which he rejected, should have saved him from the final impenitence of his lonely death-bed. But the brightest stars have fallen from their sphere—the most glorious of the angelic host rebelled—and the mightiest intellects have often started up in blasphemous denial and resistance to their Maker. In the last age, the fabled war of the giants and the gods has been almost realized: the giants of the mind, casting off the bonds of religion and morality, and daring to scale the heights of heaven to place upon its throne mere human reason as their deity. Their impiety was punished; and now, scorned and hated, they lie prostrate at the feet of an indignant world: and if many of them died with a false and deceitful calmness, it was because their god had left them to their fate. But, again will the scoffer exclaim,* it was the fear of eternal tortures and the hope of eternal happiness that drew these crowds of the fearful and the ignorant around the apostles. Their own dark faith had for them but little of hope or fear: there was nothing but doubt beyond the grave, nothing but terror in futurity. The ambassadors of the new faith held out to them the hope of eternal joys, if they would accept the word which they preached; and the fear of eternal vengeance, if they should reject it—joys such as an all-powerful God could bestow, vengeance such as his infinitely outraged justice could pour out. Polytheism was tolerant; the worshipper of Jupiter and of Mars could also bend the knee to Mithia or Osiris. Therefore the struggle could not be long: the religion of his fathers might be wrong—the new faith might be right. If he forsook the worship of the gods there was little to fear even if he erred, but if he failed to believe in the one—the true God, whom the fisherman preached, the result must be

* Gibbon, page 264. This argument is scarcely fair—there *was* a future for the pagan—see his belief in Tartarus, Elysium, Rhodemanthus, and Minos, &c.

errible, must be eternal. The gods could eward but little: Jesus, the Saviour, would aise them to a throne with himself and his 'ather, in heaven. And if, among all these nyriads of those ardent souls who confessed he true faith, there could have been one that easoned thus coldly and warily, and was con-inced even by such reasoning, why did not he scoffer pause as his pen indited this sup-osition, the mere offspring of his fancy, and imself reflect upon that argument which he epresents to have been thus powerful. Was t not better to have doubted his own doubts? 'or if his doubts should have been founded in ruth, at worst, he would only have ceased to 'xist—but alas! if they were false and un-ounded, blasphemous—death, terrible and eternal, death that should be a *living* torment, nfinite, such as the soul cannot conceive, nust await him beyond the dread portals of he tomb. Yes! who could hesitate between he two? Who, even if not animated by aigher motives, could fail to appreciate the 'orce of the infidel's sneer against himself. It nay have risen up against him as an accuser it the judgment seat of God. But his eyes were blinded, and though the light, bright and orilliant as the noon-day sun, was staring him n the face, he could not see. He was given over to his own evil heart.

Polytheism was tolerant—but what tolera-ion? the toleration of false gods and of dols—for many were its altars and its tem-ples, many were its co-equal deities, to whom arose the smoke of sacrifice and the fume of incense. It was the toleration which the de-mons extend to each other. But to the Chris-tian who denied their deities, who reviled their altars, who shunned their temples, who hated their sacrifices—their toleration was the knife and the faggot. They could permit the Egyptians to bow down in homage to Osiris, provided he offered up his prayers also in the temple of Jupiter Feretrius: but the Chris-tian—he was a condemner of their whole faith, he was a scorner of their religion, he would not yield and become an idolator—and therefore he must die. And to the infidel this consummation does not appear* so unna-tural or so blameable: many reasons can he find in favor of the persecutors; few, indeed, in behalf of the persecuted. The worship of the heathen was as much a civil institution as it was religious—every civil act, every mili-tary movement was consecrated by religion, was intimately connected with idolatry; and it was sufficient, indeed, to irritate the masters of the world that the headstrong Christian would not perform those acts they inseparably blended with religion, and that he refused to burn a single grain of incense before the altars of the gods. The kind and benignant magis-trate "proceeded with temper and modera-tion," and even condescended to beseech the hardened recusant to have mercy on himself and upon his family. When the broken-hearted judge was, at length, compelled to have re-course to punishment, reason would induce us to believe, from his supposed previous con-duct, that the penalty was trifling. But it was the rack, the red hot iron searing up the flesh, the knife of the flayer, the fire, the am-phitheatre, and these tortures not once, but many times repeated, until death closed the scene and admitted the glorious martyr to the realms of eternal bliss.

Such punishments as these, which the infi-del himself records, would induce us to believe that "the *philosophic judge*" was but little influ-enced by those vaunted feelings of *temperance* and *moderation;* and such indeed do we find to be the fact from the evidence of all the his-torians of that age and those immediately suc-ceeding, all indeed down to this glorious era of enlightenment, the eighteenth and nine-teenth centuries. True it is, as the historian observes, that the writers who lived in the early ages of the Catholic church, did not, and necessarily could not possess the advan-tages which fall to the lot of an author after the lapse of sixteen centuries: true it is, that a whole phalanx of chroniclers of the days in which they lived, from the bishops of Cesarea to the pagan Marcellinus (at least when the evidence of the *pagan* does not suit the theory of the *infidel*), may have looked upon a series of events with the same eye, and recorded them with almost the same coloring, how could they be expected to understand that which they heard, to describe faithfully that which they beheld? It was reserved for the clear sighted historian of the eighteenth cen-tury to discover their errors to place things in a new light, and to supply from the spacious store-house of his imagination their many

* Gibbon's Decline, &c., page 295, vol. i.

deficiencies. His intimate acquaintance with the *philosophy of history* has enabled him to reason facts into existence which never could have existed, and to torture those which he cannot deny, into a semblance of what he would have wished them *in the reality.* With a single inference he can overthrow the strongest evidence, and such is his magical power that "mighty" truth herself would almost seem compelled, at the utterance of his spell, to enter into his service and aid in her own discomfiture.

But it is when the historian throws aside the garb of the relator, and puts on the mantle of the logician, that he wanders most egregiously, and lays himself open to assault. It is to this that we are indebted for a hypothesis concerning miracles, not at all inferior to Hume's, but, starting from the foundation which that brother skeptic had laid, would rear up an engine to overthrow the whole Christian religion.* "From the first of the fathers to the last of the popes there is a constant succession of bishops, saints, martyrs, and miracles—every age bears testimony to the wonderful events by which it was distinguished, and its testimony appears no less weighty and respectable than that of the preceding generation. If the truth of any of those miracles is appreciated by their apparent use and propriety, every age has had unbelievers to convince, heretics to confute, and idolatrous notions to convert; and sufficient motives might always be produced to justify the interposition of heaven. And yet, since every friend to revelation is persuaded of the reality, and every reasonable man is convinced of the cessation of miraculous powers, it is evident that there must have been some period in which they were either suddenly or gradually withdrawn from the Christian church. Whatever era is chosen for that purpose, the death of the apostles, the conversion of the Roman empire, or the extinction of the Arian heresy, the insensibility of the Christians who lived at that time will equally afford a just matter of surprise."

The insidious force of this argument does not at first make itself apparent: and it is only by reflecting for a single moment upon the marked antithesis of "*the friend of revelation*" and "*the reasonable man,*" that the enormity of its hidden meaning is laid open. That the reader may not be shocked and turned away from the open avowal, he gilds the hook which he has thrown out, with the apparent concession of the reality of the earliest miracles and the truth of revelation: yet the direct tendency of his argument is to overthrow both, and he who entertains it seriously for a moment, must be led on to this conclusion, and reject the whole history of man's redemption as a fabrication, the miracles of the apostles, and the subsequent saints and martyrs, as impudent impostures. These great facts are supported by no other evidence than that which supports the miracles of after ages—even the history of the redemption is only attested by the sacred writings, which, to a Protestant at least (for the Catholic has the high and unfailing authority of his church), is only authenticated by the same kind of evidence, which authenticates these miracles. A passing conclusion will, therefore, be drawn by the reasoner, that if the miracles they attested are forgeries, may not the history thus attested be also a forgery? If the evidence of miracles, according to the argument advanced, is the same throughout every succeeding age, is as conclusive in attesting the translation of the holy house of Loretto, as it was of the appearance of the wondrous sign in the sky to Constantine upon his march, if it is as conclusive in attesting the never-ceasing miracle of the blood of St. Jannarius, as it is in confirming the miracles of the apostles; then it necessarily follows from all the principles of reason and of evidence that the one and the other, the miracle in the first century, and the miracle in the last, must together stand or together fall. But, continues this acute logician, the power of working miracles has ceased—miracles do not exist therefore, (and it is the only legitimate conclusion, though he does not openly avow it.) Miracles *never have* existed, and the whole history of man's redemption is a forgery: for if the testimony which is adduced to sustain miracles in the present age be exactly the same in strength, as that brought to prove their existence in a former age, and the evidence in the first case be insufficient, the evidence in the second (being like in kind and no greater in quantity) must be insufficient also.

It is unnecessary to say a single word upon

* Gibbon, p. 266, vol. i.

e assumption, which he makes with so much lf-satisfaction, that miracles have ceased. his we are *unreasonable* enough to deny, and e think we can, from his own admissions, ove that we are right. We are of course at erty to grant as much of an opponent's po- tion as we are disposed, and, accordingly, e will admit without hesitation that the evi- nce of the performance of miracles in latter nes, is as strong and conclusive as it is even their performance in the days of the apos- s. We will also admit what he makes a ofession of conceding (but only for the pur- se of overthrowing in the end), which we e therefore entitled to take for granted, that iracles *were* performed in the times of the ostles. And what is the conclusion? that iracles have been performed in these latter ys.

Each of these propositions could be easily monstrated, and, above all, the conclusion, gical as it certainly is, can be proven beyond doubt by the evidence of facts. Let the eye the unbeliever turn for a moment to the sses of the Alps and rest upon the holy vir- ns of the Tyrol—let him contemplate the ondrous spectacle, each day presented to the ew, and the smile of incredulity will vanish om his lips and be replaced by involuntary ve. The hand of God is not shortened, his odness and his mercy are not exhausted. here are still in the church ardent and self nying saints: there are still beyond its pale eathens and idolaters, and worse than heathens d idolaters—hardened, sneering infidels— er whom his kingdom is to be extended. is grace is still as mighty as when it ena- ed the martyr to die unmoved amidst the ging flames, his power is still as ever-acting, when it broke the bolts and bars and struck f the chains of the apostles in their dungeon, when it raised the dead to life—when it led Constantine to conquest under the sacred mbol of the cross. He has sworn that the eavens and the earth should pass away, but at his word should not pass away, and he as said that greater things than he has done, hers shall do in his name. He is with us, er with us; his right hand is stretched out er us; the wing of his mercy is covering us; e bolt of his wrath is still ready to crush his nemies. But the ways of his providence are scrutable, and who shall dare to demand a sign or a wonder? When it is withheld, it is for us, the worms of the earth, to bow down in submission; when it is vouchsafed, let us rejoice over the evidence of his mercy which he has thought good to display. *Their* merit is greater who have never seen, yet have believed.

The apostles preached, and when the number of their followers became too great for the immediate care and supervision of the twelve, they chose, from among those who had been the most faithful and the most ardent, others to whom they delegated the power of preaching and baptizing. There were many orders in the church. As Peter was the head of all the apostles—as is clearly evinced in every portion of the sacred history, as is most conclusively proven by every early writer—so was each apostle, under him, superior of that portion of the flock committed to his charge. Some preached in the far east, some in the barbarous north, some upon the banks of the Nile and in the rich plains of Africa, some through classic Greece; but for Peter was reserved, as head of the church, the seat of the head of the empire—imperial Rome. In the words which an eloquent author puts into the mouth of the apostle when he represents him disputing with the Roman senators on the Tarpean tower:

"Twelve poor men of mean extraction and contracted views, have portioned out the world between them, and the most unworthy of them all, Simon Barsona of Bethsaida, is on the capital preparing to bring the empire of Cæsar under the yoke of Christ."*

To Peter at Rome all referred their disputes, all submitted their doubts and difficulties: for all Christians looked upon him as their head upon earth, the vicegerent appointed by the Saviour. During the earthly career of the Redeemer he was the head of his church; if at his death there was no longer to be a head upon earth, it would certainly have been so announced; yet the Redeemer on the contrary, speaking to his disciples upon a subject familiar and well understood by them, repeatedly declares Peter to be the chief pastor, to whom was to be committed the charge of the sheep and the lambs, when his earthly *headship* should have ceased; Peter, to be the rock

* Rome under Paganism and the Popes, vol. i, p. 158.

on which his church was to be built. It is to the apostles alone he gives the order to go and teach all nations, and the office of teaching and baptizing certainly implies authority on the one hand, submission on the other, power in the teacher and subjection in those who are taught. The argument which overthrows the divine mission and superiority of Peter, overthrows also that of the other apostles, overthrows that of all teachers, all priests, all orders in the church.*

Peter suffered, and his death verified the prophecy† of his divine Master. The venerable apostle had long looked forward to that event with the holy calmness, the desire and the hope, which the faith he preached could alone inspire. In his last farewell to the Christian people, to his beloved flock, to the lambs and the sheep which his Master had committed to his charge, he recalls to their memory all that he has taught them, and tells them that, as the time is now come in which the words of his Lord were to be fulfilled, he has prepared all things so that after his death they may be frequently reminded of them, and he affectionately bids them adieu. He was one of the victims who perished to gratify the insane fury of the tyrant Nero, the murderer of his mother, the incendiary of Rome, the lustful destroyer of the honor and the happiness of his people. With the venerable apostle perished Paul, the eloquent, the spirit-stirring—and the bodies of the two saints were laid, side by side, in the dark recesses of the Cryps hard by the circus of Nero.

Yet the frenzy of the pagan persecutors was vainly exerted, their momentary triumph was set at nought: it was not by the death of the head of the church that the Christian faith was to be destroyed. Scarcely had the body of the first pope become cold in its bloody bier before the second, his successor, was prepared to encounter the same fate in the same glorious cause.‡ St. Linus did not shrink from that fearful responsibility, and that certain fate which awaited those faithful shepherds who, in the first ages of the church, sacrificed the lives for the good of their flock. St. Cletus the third pope, like his predecessor perished glorious martyr, in the second persecution The blood-thirsty Domatian, imitating the example of Nero, glutted his fiendish cruelty i the blood of the Christians, whom he endeavored to exterminate from the face of th earth. It is unnecessary to descend into th terrible details of those days of horror—day yet of glory, days which the church of Chris shall ever honor—fruit-producing, faith-reviv ing days of earthly and unearthly triumphs when the ranks of his fearless soldiers ever where filled up faster than the sword of th tyrant could mow them down; when the lis of her martyrs was numbered by hundreds when whole* legions offered up their lives fo the faith and shed their blood together in it attestation. Every Roman emperor signalized his reign by the slaughter of the unresisting followers of Christ—ever did the cry arise in the vast amphitheatre "to the lions with the Christians;" but it was left for the grea monsters who cursed the earth with their presence, whom an angry God sent down upon the Roman empire to chastise the impiety o its pagan people, it was reserved for them, in their folly, to attempt the annihilation of the chosen people: to enable them thus tried and purified to shine with a brighter and a purer light before all men, and to spread that light throughout the world. The haughty Diocletian, in his pride, had set up mighty pillars and erected great trophies, and had inscribed thereon that in his reign had been crushed the sedition of the Christians, that by his all-powerful hand had been destroyed the curse which ages ago arose in Judea, that by his saving presence had been arrested the dire plague which had made the altars of the gods deserted and their temples unfrequented. "But the end was not yet." The hand of God was stronger than the hand of man: the brutal persecutors were smitten in their pride and expired in fearful tortures, alternately blaspheming in their agony, and calling upon the Christians to save them by their all-prevailing prayers.

Three days did the Redeemer remain hidden and concealed by the darkness of the tomb;

* Mr. Gibbon has amused himself with a very fanciful theory of the rise of papal and episcopal power in the church, but here, as usual where any Christian subject is before him, he seems to have lost his usual eloquence and historic accuracy, and to have drawn largely upon his imagination for his foundations.

† John xxi, 19; Peter, 2d. Ep.

‡ A. D. 66. St. Linus was chosen the same year in which St. Peter suffered.

* Theban Legion.

ıree days was he surrounded by the gloom of eath, whilst his trembling and faint-hearted ollowers waited, in fear and doubt, the termiation of that time of trial. Gloriously he rose on the fourth and appeared among them, eautiful, powerful, impassable, never more to ie. Three centuries the church which he ounded was hidden in the darkness and the orrow of the catacombs: three centuries the loom of persecution hung over her, and the ed mantle, stained with the blood of her chilren, enwrapped her like a shroud: while fear nd doubt seemed almost to gather into certinty, and hope herself, when not supported y faith, trembled lest the hour of her resurection should never come. But the fourth ad scarcely dawned, before he raised up his nurch in glory as he himself had arisen, eautiful and powerful—about to extend its mpire over all men, to draw all nations within s fold—to reign on earth till he should come gain to transfer it into heaven.

By the way of the Cottian Alps,* a mighty rmy was pouring down upon Rome. Its ader was a stern and haughty soldier: his ollowers were the gallant legions of Gaul and fermany and Britain: his foe was Maxentius ıe tyrant. Constantine, at the head of forty ıousand men, was marching to crush the st of the persecutors. The sun waxed low s the hero toiled upon his rocky path, and his earied soldiers almost fainted with exhaustion, hen in the heavens, above the declining orb f day, brilliant and dazzling in its splendor, ppeared to the vast multitude, the symbol of ıe redemption, the sign of the cross; and upon written by the mysterious hand that long gone had traced the like tremendous words pon "the hall of feast" in which the Babynian revelled, in no inferior brilliancy shone ıese words: "By this conquer." The ıighty army which had destroyed the wild ordes of Germany, which had rolled back ıe impetuous tide of barbarian invasion, embled and grew pale with amazement, as ıey looked upon the wondrous symbol, and ıe Christian soldier, in his ranks, sent up to ıe favoring heaven his joyous prayer of gratiıde and praise. It was to him the token of new order of things, the forerunner of a new mpire. His faith was about to triumph!

That night, in sleep, the Saviour of the world appeared to him whom he had chosen to be his instrument in the great work to be accomplished, bearing in his hand the sacred symbol of the cross, and bade him make a standard in imitation of that which, in the light of the day, had appeared to him in brilliancy surpassing even the very sun; and its folds should ever sweep over a conquered field—its emblem should be a protection and a salutary defence in battling with his foes. When the rising sun first shed his rays upon the gorgeously jewelled and glittering Labarum, with its guard of fifty chosen men who clustered thick beneath its shadow, in their onward march, uprose the glad shouts of awakened zeal—of enthusiasm, which now had become invincible, of confidence in the unfailing success of a leader chosen by heaven, and whose prayers to the only God, whilst yet enveloped by the gloom of paganism, had thus been answered by a wondrous sign. They marched to meet an army four-fold greater than their own, under brave leaders fighting in their native land, and in defence of the heathen gods of Rome; but they bore in their van the ensign of the cross, and in every heart of all that followed there burned a fire of faith and valor, that recked not of countless numbers. The strongest walls could not check their progress, and cities, heretofore considered impregnable, were taken by assault. Disdaining the tedious operations of a siege, the impetuous warriors planted their ladders against the towers and ramparts, that seemed to render the inhabitants of Susa safe and secure from every foe but famine, and, sword in hand, with their wild shouts echoing to the startled summits of Mount Cenis, they poured in resistless streams over the guarded battlements; and the devoted city fell at the first assault.

In the plains of Turin a mighty army awaited their approach, undismayed by its countless numbers, and its brilliant array, by the glitter of its steel-clad cavalry, covered, both steed and rider, with massive armor, and listless of the stern clangor of these terrific and invulnerable squadrons, the host of Constantine descended to the charge, led on by the fearless guard who fought beneath the sacred folds of the Labarum. The iron masses of Maxentius gave way like chaff before the wind, and the frightened fugitives, driven under the

* Mont Cerus.

walls of Turin, which closed its gates against them, submitted to the conqueror. Italy rose in arms to welcome the invader—to greet with acclamations the gallant son who came to free her from a tyrant. At Brescia and before Verona two powerful armies were destroyed. Verona, Acquileia, and Modena yielded, after a vain resistance, to their fate, and the invincible Labarum was turned towards the walls of Rome.

There is a spot, nine miles from the eternal city, along the Tiber on the Tuscan side, twice famed in Roman history, twice fatal to those who marched from Rome to battle. Long years before the sacred banner led on the armies of Constantine towards the devoted city, a gallant band of brave patricians, the three hundred Fabii, by the "accursed"* gate, went forth in all the glittering panoply of war to meet and conquer the gallant warriors of the Veii. Not far from the "Red Rock," near the Cremera, they perished, every Fabius in his rank, every Fabius upon his shield, with his red right hand upon his broken sword. That day the channel of Cremera ran purple with noble Fabian blood. The day on which they marched, was numbered among the nefastæ, and the gate beneath whose arch their proud banners had bowed in passing, was ever called "the accursed." Upon this same fatal spot the army of Maxentius was arrayed to meet the advancing enemy. The night before the battle Constantine in sleep was warned to have the sacred symbol emblazoned upon the arms and bucklers of his legionaries. "As the first rays of the October sun gleamed from this mysterious emblem—already the token to them of so many victories—the soldiers of the Labarum were again fired with an ardor that could not be resisted. The iron front of the Maxentians extended along the plain of "Taxa Rubra," almost as far as the eye could reach, and their deep and service battalions rested upon the right bank of the Tiber, which at once secured their rear, and left, even to the cowardly, no alternative but to fight desperately."† Wherever the soldiers of the cross grew faint and wavered under the fierce assault of the Maxentians, the sacred banner was thrown forward, and inspired by that symbol, which to them was the symbol of victory, th followers of Constantine rallied, drove bac and routed their opponents.

Ere night Maxentius and his mighty hos had ceased to exist. In the dark waters of th Tiber he sank with hundreds of his followers the victims of the treachery they had prepare for the victorious Constantine. As the dawn of morn began to break upon that night of vic tory, a glorious triumph was preparing; such a procession, as never yet in all the thousand years* that Rome had ruled it over the nations had toiled along the triumphal way to the summit of the capitol. Unpremeditated, brough on by the force of circumstances, perhaps by the especial will of Him the symbol of whose death was thus to be exalted, it was but the more glorious because the last of that long rol of triumphs that graced the annals of the eternal city. No captives marched before the chariot of the conqueror, but patricians, knights, and senators, restored to the free air of heaven from the dungeons of the fallen tyrant, conferred more honor by their grateful joy, than all the tears that misery or fear had ever extorted from the chained captives about to die in the "Gememium." No trophies and no glittering spoils attested the magnificence of the conquered enemy and the good fortune of his victor: nothing was there, but the cross upon their banners, upon their breasts, and on their shields. Along the way destined for triumphs, the last of all Rome's triumphs, went gloriously the triumph of the cross; the myriads of her citizens thronged up every street, and avenue, and roof, and pillar, and pedestal, and every vantage ground, to gaze upon the unwonted spectacle—the cross which they had laughed to scorn, which they despised and hated, whose followers they had doomed to death, borne in the hands of a victorious emperor, sparkling in jewels on his diadem, emblazoned upon his banner, glittering from forty thousand shields and corslets, and planted at length in glory on the summit of "the hill of triumphs!" There, on the splendid capitoline, among a thousand tokens of past fame, remembrances of ancient deeds, high above the very temples of the gods, triumphing over their idolatrous and bloodstained altars, was reared this trophy of the greatest of all conquests—

* "Scelerata."

† Rome under Paganism and the Popes, vol. ii, p. 16.

* A. U. C. 1065.

he victory over death and hell. From all Italy housands flocked to look upon the wondrous sight, to see the implement of servile torture, servile death, towering above the trophies of the hero-consuls of the olden time, the proud dictators, and the ever-conquering emperors of Rome. Wonder and amazement lived in every face and breathed in every tongue. The persecuted—persecuted now no more—came rejoicing from their dark hiding places amid the tombs of the martyrs: the unwonted sound of holy hymns and canticles of praises goes up amid the crowded streets of Rome: the despised and the scorned became the honored and the admired. The tombs, where the apostles lay side by side, became a holy shrine, where thousands made their pilgrimage and offered up their prayers mingled with tears of joy and praise.

The faith of the fisherman was triumphant; the haughty had bowed down and become humbled, the rich sought voluntary poverty, the poor and the afflicted were patient and enduring. On the diadem of the Cæsar, the cross was blazing in priceless jewels. This cross, once an object of abhorrence, to the Roman the most hateful, the most degrading, was seen on every side—it had become a mark of honor and a sign of victory!

Over the tomb of the apostles the Basilica was reared, a costly monument and a holy temple. The imperial hand of Constantine tossed the first earth from the lines of the foundation, whilst the tears flowed down his cheeks and upon his royal vesture, and, filling a basket with earth, he bore it upon his anointed shoulders from the sacred spot, amidst the joyous gratulations of his rescued people. Thus was laid the foundation of the Basilica of St. Peter: it was the trophy of *his* triumph. To Constantine a triumphal arch was built: over the apostle's body a gorgeous temple was erected. The earthly conqueror wore his earthly laurels, and his name and his deeds were carved upon enduring marble. The spiritual conqueror was spiritually crowned, and his martyred body was enshrined where the sacred sacrifice, which he had celebrated in darkness and in danger, should ever be chaunted in boundless splendor, 'mid loud hosannas; where the voice of prayer, the fume of incense, should ever ascend to the throne of the most high God. The soldier of the sword did honor to the soldier of the cross—the conqueror, to the martyr—the imperial Cæsar, to the chief of the apostles.

From that day forth the church of Rome became historical: from that day forth it became so mingled and wrought up, with all the feelings, thoughts, and acts of men, that the history of all times since then is but the history of its workings and its influence. Heretofore, except in its own ecclesiastical memorials, in its own private records, and even when the cruel torture of its children and the dire persecution of its foes compel it to start out in sad distinctness from the uniform oblivion to which the pagan historians of those ages had consigned it, it had flowed along like a deep and silent stream, wearing away, gradually and imperceptibly, the old feelings, habits, prejudices, of the pagan world, and irrigating all lands, through which it flowed, with its nourishing and regenerating waters. The time had arrived when the influence of Christianity must at length break out and appear upon the surface of society: the whole mass had become tinged and impregnated with it—the whole empire contained and was moved by it, as the body contains and obeys the soul: the branching nerves of union, that connected the most distant church of a far-off province, with the head and centre in the eternal city, had nurtured and matured a kind of public opinion, which, at one moment, simultaneously, was destined to rise up and suddenly to change the face of the civilized world, to give a new coloring to society—henceforth to fill up history. From the day on which the sacred trophy was erected on the palatine, paganism became comparatively of little importance; and the eye of the philosopher looks back with wonder at the sudden superiority of Christianity, and the equally sudden decline of paganism to an inferior and secondary condition. It was not, certainly, the result of that one day's triumph. Before the march of Constantine, the name of Christian is rarely mentioned; from the bloody days of "Saxa Rubra" paganism in vain endeavors to rear its head. Ever and anon the old spirit of the worshippers of Jupiter and Mars breaks out for a moment, and sometimes would seem about to triumph, when, as if stricken by some invisible hand, its struggles cease, its flickering light goes out. Its last

strong hope is broken upon the same field in which the Persian arrow slew the agonized blasphemer. Slowly and surely it sinks into decay—into oblivion; until at last it seemed to have taken refuge in the lonely rural districts and amid the almost impenetrable mountain glens: and from these last resorts it was at length driven out by the indefatigable patience of the monks. But before that consummation of the triumph had arrived, there was many a fearful struggle. The fury of the pagan often satiated itself in tumultuous assaults upon the Christian temples, and by indiscriminate massacres of the Christian people. From the partial triumph of Christianity, in the days of Constantine, to its final triumph at the coronation of Charlemagne, five hundred years had intervened, five hundred years of brilliant glory in the history of the church. Her pontiffs, at the head of a long line of meek and holy priests, had met and turned back the stern barbarian, from whose face the Roman legions had melted like snow at the breath of the south wind; her missionaries had penetrated to the strong holds of the barbarians; her faith had conquered her very conquerors. Amid the most tremendous storms of barbarian invasion, the church alone stood firm—amid the terrors and dismay that seized upon all men, the church alone was calm and tranquil, fearless, trusting in her spouse in heaven: amid the darkness and the gloom that swept the land in the rear of the barbarian hordes, the church alone preserved the light of piety and the lamp of learning: amid all the changes of that ever changing period, the church alone remained unchanged—she stood firm and uninjured when the storm had been lulled into peace.

What a glorious retrospection for the Roman, on the morn which dawned upon the coronation of Charlemagne! Eight hundred years of Christian glory, Christian suffering crowned with triumph, drawn out in the long vista of the past! What a glorious contrast presented itself to his swelling soul, as he looked down upon the clustering myriads wl knelt to receive the blessing of the fisherman successor—Peter, the way-worn traveller, e tering the gates of Rome, his successor crow ing the great Charles, the emperor of a might people—Peter, scorned and derided, torture crucified, his successor, honored, revere bestowing crowns, and receiving the homag of earthly potentates.

How wonderful the change the revolvin course of those eight centuries had wrought The shout of the Bacchan has ceased—th fume of the victim no more infects the air— the revels of the Saturnalia have become bu as a dream that is passed—Jupiter and Mar Progenitor have fallen from their pedestals— their altars are broken and deserted, or purifie and consecrated to the worship of the tru God: in the temple of Venus is raised th beautiful statue of the Virgin, and in thos halls, which had resounded with the shout of the accursed revelry—goes up the swell o the solemn chaunt and the joyful anthem, i honor of the stainless, the immaculate, th ever Virgin. The spot which was sanctifie by the blood of so many martyrs, where thei bodies had so long found rest, but which had once been the laboring place of slaves, became the seat of the noblest dynasty that ever graced the earth. Above the tombs, where the martyrs slept, the Vatican has since reared its walls—and the lofty dome of St. Peter's towers far up towards the heavens, bearing above all earth, as its emblem, the glorious sign of the redemption. And yet these outward marks of change were but the signs—the appearances, produced by that internal change which the spirit of Christianity had brought about: that change, which had taught men to look beyond the grave for happiness, which had shown them, that power and might cannot work wrong without the fear of retribution, which had laid the foundation of all civil liberty, which, in one word, had marked the final tri umph of the faith of the fisherman over the power of the Cæsars.

THE LADY MARGARET.—A SKETCH FROM BRITISH HISTORY.

BY PROFESSOR WALTER.

In yonder realms of empyrean day
Rapt in celestial trance are they;
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy.
Foremost, and leaning from her golden cloud,
The venerable Margaret see!—*Gray.*

orn at Bletshoe, Hertfordshire, 1441.—Marries Edmund Tudor, earl of Richmond, 1455.—Gives birth to a son, afterwards King Henry VII, July 26, 1456.—Founds Christ's college, Cambridge, 1505.—St. John's college, Cambridge, 1508.—Dies June 29, and is buried in Henry VII's chapel, Westminster, 1509.

AMONG the evidences of the spiritual life that shone forth so brightly in England, uring the century preceding the reformation, here are few more striking than those exhibited n the person of Margaret Beaufort, countess f Richmond, and mother of King Henry VII.

Margaret Beaufort, countess of Richmond, vas born in the year 1441, at Bletshoe in Hertordshire, the manor of her mother, Margaret, ne sole heir of Sir Roger de Beauchamp, aron of Bletshoe. The father was John Beaufort, duke of Somerset, the grandson of ld John of Gaunt, by Catharine Swynford. ohn Beaufort became the second husband of Margaret of Beauchamp, the widow of Sir Oliver St. John, and the issue of the marriage vas an only daughter, the Margaret who is the ubject of our "sketch." Her father died in 444, leaving his title to his brother, but his mple estates to his only child, the future ountess of Richmond, then an infant three ears old. A massive altar tomb, erected in fter years to his memory, and that of his lady vho was buried beside him, ornamented with eautiful figures in alabaster, hand in hand, ttest to the present day the filial affection of heir daughter.

The Lady Margaret appears to have given romise, at a very early age, of that singular visdom which, in maturity, won the admiraon of Erasmus, and displayed that quick perception, ready wit, and extraordinary memory, vhich have been affectionately recorded by er renowned almoner and spiritual director, he saintly and martyred Fisher, bishop of Rochester, whose patroness she was, and who has, in his "Morning Remembrance, held at the Month's mind* of the noble Princess Margaret," &c., &c., (being the funeral discourse preached shortly after her decease), chronicled her good deeds and described her habits of life, in a narrative which derives an inexpressible charm and grace from the affectionate earnestness with which he speaks of the lady whom he loved and honored. We give an extract which will possess an additional interest as a specimen of the language of this period.

"In her tender age, being endowed with great towardness of nature, and likelihood of inheritance, many sued to have her to marriage. The duke of Suffolk, who was then a man of great experience, most diligently procured to have had her hand for his son and heir. On the contrary part, King Henry the sixth, did make means for Edmund [Tudor, his half brother], then earl of Richmond. She, who as then was not fully nine years old, doubtful in her mind what she had best to do, asked counsel of an old gentlewoman, whom she much loved and trusted, who did advise her to commend herself to St. Nicholas, the patron and helper of all true maidens, and to beseech him to put in her mind what she were best to do. This counsel she followed, and made her prayer so, full often but especially that night when she should, on the morrow after, make answer of her mind determinately. A marvellous thing!

* "Month's *mind*," or remembrance, a celebration of mass for the repose of the soul during thirty consecutive days; thence termed a "Trental," from the Latin *trigentalia*. The lapse of nearly three centuries and a half has not protestantized the language of the common people of England, as appears in many of the popular phrases, as, for instance, in that "of having a month's mind of a thing," which is common in several parts of England, but more especially in the northern countries.

The same night, as I have heard her tell many a time, as she lay in prayer, calling upon St. Nicholas, whether sleeping or waking she could not assure, but about four of the clock in the morning, one appeared unto her, arrayed like a bishop, and, naming unto her Edmund, bade her take him to her husband. And so by this means she did incline her mind unto Edmund, the king's brother, and earl of Richmond, by whom she became mother of the king [Henry VII]. So what by lineage, what by affinity, she had thirty kings and queens within four degrees of marriage unto her; besides earls, marquises, dukes, and princes."

Moreover, she was royal, not only by lineage and alliance, but by the lofty qualities of her mind, being, as the good bishop assures us, "to her parents a very daughter in all noble manners. She was bounteous and liberal by nature; singularly easy to be spoken unto, and courteous to all. Gentle and kind to all, but especially to her own, whom she trusted and loved most tenderly; forgetful of no kindness done to her, which is no little part of very nobleness; merciful to her enemies, and piteous to the poor and miserable." Her mother, with whom a great part of her early life was spent, was a woman of great piety, devotion, and zeal for religion; and thus, from the earliest days, she was "obedient to God and tractable to his holy church, searching his honor and pleasure full busily." Consciousness of her high lineage made her carefully shun every thing dishonest or ignoble, and soar above every thing frivolous; but "she would not let [hesitate] for any pain or labor, to take in hand any things of weight and substance, by which she might profit. These and many other such noble conditions," continues the good bishop, "left unto her by her ancestors, she kept, and increased therein with great diligence. In a word, she had, in a manner, all that was praiseworthy in a woman, as well in soul as in body. She was very studious in books, both in English and French; the latter language she was a perfect mistress of. In Latin she had a little perceiving, especially of the Rubric of the ordinal, for the saying of her service, which she did well understand; though in after years she was heard to complain that in her youth she had not given herself to the understanding of Latin." Of her proficiency in her mother tongue, we have satisfactory evidence in her letters, which we may perhaps have occasion to quote, and which a competent authority pronounces "to be the most polished specimens extant of the epistolary style of her age."*

She was also very skilful in needle-work, and there is still preserved at Bletshoe a carpet "worked with all the arms and matches of the family of St. John;" the same piece of work which is spoken of by Fuller, who tells us that King James I, on his visit to Bletshoe, used always to desire to see it.

We close our extract from Bishop Fisher: "she was," he says, "of singular wisdom, far passing the common rate of women. She was good in remembering, and of a holding memory; in ready wit she had also to conceive all things, albeit they were right dark. And her princely mind was lodged in a no less princely body; for in favors, in words, in gesture, in every demeanor of herself, so great nobleness did appear, that what she spake or did, it marvellously became her."

Nor was her imagination unfitted to delight in the romantic legends of her age, or in the "gay science," as the minstrelsy of that period was termed. She was the patroness of Bernard Andrews, a native of Toulouse, and a monk of the Augustinian order, who was poet laureate to Henry VII, and his son Henry VIII, and also tutor in grammar to Prince Arthur. In the household book of the court frequent mention is made of sums of money given "to the blind poet in reward." Hence we are not surprised to hear of her enthusiastic ardor for the rescue of the holy land from the hands of the infidels; and yet we learn from Bishop Fisher, that this enthusiasm was so tempered with humility, that she would often say that, if the princes of Christendom would combine and march against the Turks, she would willingly attend the camp in some menial capacity. For to use the simple language of the good bishop "she would be glad to go follow the host, and help to wash their clothes, for the love of Jesu."

In obedience to the vision granted to her devout innocency, Margaret in her fifteenth year became the wife of Edmund Tudor, earl of Richmond; by whom, on the Feast of St. Anne, 1456, at Pembroke, in the crag-built castle of Jasper, earl of Pembroke (Richmond's

* Mr. Lodge in his "Portraits."

rother), she became the mother of an only
on, afterwards Henry the seventh; and the
ıronicler pointedly adds, "although she was
ıarried to Henry Stafford, the duke of Buck-
ıgham's son, and after that to the earl of
Derby, yet she never brought forth a child
fter, as though she had done her part when
ıe had borne a man-child, and the same a
ing of a realm."

During the remainder of the troubled reign
f Henry VI, Margaret appears to have led a
fe of tranquillity, devoting herself to the edu-
ation of her son. The young prince was
ickly in his infancy, and was carried about
om place to place in Wales, for the benefit
f his health. From his earliest years, his
ıother surrounded him with the ablest in-
ructors, whose labor was lightened by the
uickness and docility of their pupil; and the
eal with which he read and listened to the
ffices of the church, gave the best hopes
f his future progress in piety and goodness.
o quote the words of his biographer, "He
ras fair and well spoken, with singular sweet-
ess and blandishment of words, and quick in
arning for his years. The cast of his coun-
nance was devotional, and he was marvel-
usly religious, both in affection and observ-
ıce."

The storm which burst upon the land on the
iumph of the Yorkists, was felt by Margaret
ıd her son, in the place of their seclusion,
emote as it was from the scene of tumult.
he young earl of Richmond was attainted
ıd stripped of his estates, though his mother's
ower was spared; and they were both placed
nder the surveillance of their political ene-
ies. But in Sir William Herbert, of Eng-
nd, they had the good fortune to find a gen-
e and considerate warden. Every opportu-
ty was afforded the young earl of pursuing
is studies, and so taken was Sir William
ith the worth and amiable manners of his
ard, as to meditate a union between him and
is favorite daughter Maria. At the same
me every indulgence was extended to the
ady Margaret. In 1464, we find her mother,
e widow of the duke of Somerset, while
aying at her Manor of Maxay, admitted, at
er earnest solicitation, a member of the sis-
rhood of the famous Abbey of Croyland;
ıd we are told that, on the same occasion,
e duchess engaged her daughter, without
difficulty doubtless, to join the same sister-
hood, and obtain for herself a participation in
the benefit of their prayers and good works.

The temporary success of the Lancastrians, in 1469, when Henry VI for a short period resumed his regal office, caused another important change in the condition of "the king that was to be," and his noble mother. Young Richmond, then in his fourteenth year, was taken from the custody of the Herberts, carried to London, and placed a scholar at Eton,—a college founded by the pious Henry VI, in his more prosperous days. Here a remarkable circumstance occurred. The king was attending a feast at his magnificent foundation, shortly after Henry, of Richmond, had been placed there. He was washing his hands, when the young earl was brought before him, and after "looking upon him for some time, and long holding his peace, and marvelling at the goodly wit of the boy, he said to the nobles present; 'Lo! this is he, this is he, I say, to whom we and our adversaries shall give place in possession.' "*

This prognostication had, doubtless, its influence upon Richmond's after life. It early fixed the eyes of the court upon him, and is a proof of the light in which he was regarded from his boyhood by the Lancastrian party; at the same time it sufficiently accounts for the jealousy felt by the Yorkists towards the young earl, and for the persecution he was to endure at their hands. The year following, Jasper Tudor felt the necessity of withdrawing his nephew from Eton, and sending him, for greater security, a second time into Wales. A hint being afterwards given by the good King Henry that, in order to baffle the designs of those who sought his life, he should be sent secretly across the seas, his suggestion was followed. Henry of Richmond was now

* Of this circumstance Shakspeare has availed himself, with his wonted fidelity to the text of history.

"*K. Henry.*—My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
Som.—My liege, it is young Henry; Earl of Richmond.
K. Henry.—Come hither, England's hope. If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my devining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
His head by nature framed to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
May help you more, than you are hurt by me."
Henry VI. *Sc.* vi, iv.

in his sixteenth year, he had from his birth been watched over by the solicitude of his pious mother, he had rarely been from her sight, and therefore the pang of separation was more keenly felt. Jasper Tudor embarked at Tenby with his precious charge, and sailed for the coast for France. Fortune seemed determined to persecute the youthful adventurer; a furious storm arose which drove them from their course, and, after beating about in the channel, at the imminent risk of their lives, they were at length cast upon the shores of Brittany. They reached St. Maloes with much difficulty, where fresh trials awaited them. Information of their arrival having reached Francis, the reigning duke of that state, he ordered them to be arrested and conveyed as prisoners to the castle of Vannes. There he was separated from his uncle, Jasper Tudor, and guarded with extreme vigilance. The young earl was considered as a state prisoner, and continued to be regarded in that light for a length of time.

To return to the Lady Margaret: she had thought it prudent to remain in England, in order to watch over the interests of her son, with whom she remained in constant communication, by her letters and messengers, and by all that address which a fond mother's heart can so well employ, defeating the schemes laid by King Edward, and afterwards by Richard the Third, for getting possession of his person. Nor, in the meantime, was she without her domestic troubles. In the year 1481, she lost her husband, Sir Henry Stafford. The year following, she contracted a third marriage with Lord Stanley, afterwards the Earl of Derby, whose important assistance, at the decisive battle of Bosworthfield, placed her son on the throne. In all the actions of this high-born lady, we behold, united with firmness of purpose, and with that unyielding spirit which rises invigorated from misfortune, that wary and cool sagacity which her son inherited from his parent. There are circumstances which show that the present match was one of policy, with a view to secure the protection and countenance of powerful families for her son, whose exile of above ten years, and more recent imprisonment effected by the intrigues of those in whose way he stood to the crown, weighed heavily upon her heart. We learn from good Bishop Fisher "that in her husband's days, long before h died, she obtained of him a promise and pe mission to lead a life of chastity, in the hanc of the reverend father my lord of Londo [Richard Fitzjames], which promise she re newed after her husband's death into my hand again." *

In 1483, a new order of things was estab lished by the usurpation of Richard the Third Obedience to the command of kings, at thi period of absolute monarchy, was simply a choice between life and death. The countess of Richmond and Derby was drawn from "the cool sequestered vale of life," in which she had "pursued the noiseless tenor of he way," to take a public share in the courtly proceedings of the usurper. The coronation of Richard and his queen, was solemnized with great splendor, on the 7th of July, 1483 The queen was niece to the Lord Stanley who was appointed to bear the staff of constable before the king, while the countess of Richmond supported his consort's train. A place of marked distinction was allotted to her near the queen. Shortly after, Richard created Lord Stanley high constable of England for life, investing him with the order of the Garter, and bestowing upon him other marks of favor. A moment, to all appearance so propitious, was not overlooked by the anxiety of a devoted mother. Margaret supplicated the king to restore her attainted son to his country and his patrimony. But the liberation of a captive Tudor was not to be won from the head of the house of York, and Margaret met with a repulse. Shortly after, we find her quitting London, and proceeding on a pilgrimage to our Lady of Worcester, to offer up, we doubt not, like a good mother, vows for her son's prosperity to the Blessed Mary, the help of Christians and the consoler of the afflicted. As she journeyed on between Bridgeworth and Worcester, pondering, as we may imagine, on the hard fate of her son, "she met in the highway the nephew of her late husband, the Duke of Buckingham. This nobleman was then supposed to be all-powerful with Richard, but he had just then 'with

* The deed which perpetuates "The Lady Margaret's vow," was deposited by Bishop Fisher in the archives of St. John's College, her favorite foundation, in Cambridge, where it is still to be seen in an ancient Register, known by the name of the "Third Red Book."

merry countenance, but a despiteful heart, umbly taken leave, at Gloucester, of the ng,' then on a royal progress to the north, d was pursuing his way to Shrewsbury, d thence to his castle at Brecon, at that time e prison of the wise and virtuous prelate, orton, bishop of Ely." The duke, when argaret met him, "was brooding over the gratitude and undeserved unkindness of the ng;" the refusal of "his part of the earl of arford's lands, and of the office of high con-ableship of England; the last summer passed the king's company, not without many fair omises, but without any good deeds;" the ath of the two young princes, of which, hen he was credibly informed, "O Lord! w his veins panted, how his body trembled, d how his heart inwardly grudged, so that must needs be fully avenged." In this melancholy disposition the duke was wend-g his way towards Shrewsbury, nursing sun-y imaginations how to deprive this unna-ral uncle and bloody brother of his royal at and princely dignity. He was conning er his own descent by his mother from the ke of Somerset, and so from John of Gaunt, d this encouraged his foolish desire, inso-uch that clearly he judged that he was the ndoubted heir of the house of Lancaster." nd, in truth, the now nearly twelve years' sence and imprisonment of the earl of Rich-ond, and the attempt that had long been ade to forget him altogether, might, in part, cuse this assumption on the part of the duke. was while he was "in this maze whether not he should put forward this title, that Margaret of Richmond, who was as clean out his mind, as though he had never seen her, ere met him in the highway; and then did occur to him that she and her son, the earl Richmond, were both bulwark and portcullis tween him and the gate, to enter into the ajesty royal and the getting of the crown." Margaret interrupted his musings, by praying m, "first for kindred's sake, secondly for e love that he bore to his grandfather, duke umphrey, who was sworn brother to her ther, to move the king to be good to her son, nd to license him with his favor to return gain into England. After they had com-uned a while, the duke overpassed her re-uest, gave her fair words, and so they parted— e to Shrewsbury, and she on her pilgrimage to our Lady of Worcester, to offer up vows and prayers to her who had already decreed to grant more than the mother had thought of asking. Her pilgrimage accomplished, she proceeded to join her husband, Sir Thomas Stanley, in Lancashire."

The above meeting, so graphically detailed by the chronicler, was the germ of another revolution, highly influential on the future destinies of England, and which resulted in the decisive battle of Bosworthfield, where, amidst the acclamations of consenting hosts, the son of Margaret of Richmond, was proclaimed king, under the title of Henry the Seventh of England.

Immediately after the battle, the fruits of a pious mother's early lessons to her son were strikingly displayed. "The king," to quote the language of the great Lord Bacon, "the king, as one that had been bred under a devout mother, and was in his nature a great observer of religious forms, caused the *Te Deum laudamus* to be solemnly sung in presence of the whole army, upon the battle plain, where, kneeling upon the earth, he rendered thanks to Almighty God for the victory he had gained."

On the same evening, as it is thought, her long lost son was restored to the countess of Richmond, after a separation of fourteen years—a separation marked on both sides by a series of anxieties, perils, and vicissitudes, seldom found concentrated in such a space, and rarely apportioned to a single individual. She had parted from him a stripling, an exile, and an outlaw. In the son thus happily restored to her, she hailed the monarch of England, called upon by an oppressed and long-suffering people to bring peace to a desolated land. From a grave and thoughtful child, she saw him grown up into a gallant and victorious prince. It needs but a glance at the records of their past lives to realize the feelings which marked the first embrace of the Lady Margaret of Lancaster and King Henry the Seventh!

The establishment of her son upon the throne seems to have been the signal to his admirable parent for withdrawing from aught connected with public affairs. This course was adopted through the same prudent and wise policy which had always induced her to look more to the future result than to the

present consequence. She rested content in seeing the line, of which she was the sole remaining link, restored in the person of her offspring. She had a spirit that soared above the ambition, however tempting, of ruling a kingdom. She was content to appear at court in the simple and endearing character of the mother of the king; of one who set a bright example of obedience and submission to the laws of the land, without sacrificing any portion of the dignity due to her exalted birth, and the innate nobility of her nature. In no portion of her remarkable life does the countess of Richmond appear to greater advantage, than at the period in question. Though the most exalted female in the land, she acted as though she were the most lowly; consulted by her royal son on all matters of real importance, she nevertheless kept wisely aloof from all ostensible interference,* and so unobtrusive was her demeanor, so open and upright all her dealings, that, without knowing the deep and all-subduing influence of the religion whose precepts she so faithfully practised, it would be difficult, not to say impossible, to reconcile such humility with the pride of birth and the fascinations of wealth in which from her infancy she had been nurtured.

The unanimity and affection which subsisted between the king's mother and his gentle consort, the Lady Elizabeth of York, forms a very amiable feature in the character of the Lady Margaret. She supported the young queen on all public occasions, and, in all respects treated her as her daughter. In 1487, the king caused his august consort to be crowned with great pomp in Westminster Abbey. During the imposing ceremony, it is stated that "the king's grace and my lady his mother stood on a goodly stage, well latticed, erected between the pulpit and the high altar, whence they viewed the sacred ceremony; and at the banquet which followed in Westminster Hall, the king and his mother were stationed on a stage well-latticed, and richly bedight with cloth of arras, that they mig privily, at their pleasure, view that noble fe and service."

From the period of her son's marriage, t countess added dignity to his feasts by h presence, and gave confidence and support his meek and retiring consort, at all t pageants celebrated during his reign. M Lodge observes that "her attendance these feasts and ceremonies, is a fact whi contradicts those who have reported that h piety was of the *gloomy and ascetic kind.*"*

The spirit of tender devotion which t Lady Margaret had cherished throughout useful and exemplary life, which had disc plined the romance of youth, tempered th sorrows and chastened the joys of matur years, grew more fervid as her pilgrimage o earth drew nearer to its close. She felt th the latter years of a life so diversified wit good and evil—the good, by that merciful di pensation which we cannot always compre hend, being made to spring from the very be som of the apparent evil—ought to be wholl devoted to that great and merciful Being wh had never forsaken her in sorrow or in joy It was not unusual at this period for ladies o the highest rank to seek a retreat in som monastery, where, secluding themselves fro earthly cares, they cou d devote their declin ing days to prayer and contemplation. Thu Cecily, duchess of York, mother of the lat king, and grand-mother of the reigning queen became a Benedictine nun, in 1480. Th countess of Richmond had long been prepar ing herself for seclusion from the cares and vanities of life by increased severity in per

* So anxious was she to avoid even the appearance of exercising any influence over the king in matters of administration, that even the appointment of the good Fisher, her private chaplain, to the see of Rochester, was not to be supposed to be her work. This is evident from an expression which fell from the lips of Henry; when the influence of his mother was alluded to in Henry's presence, his reply was—"Indeed, the modesty of the man, together with my mother's silence, spoke in his behalf."

* The Dublin Review has an admirable commentary upon this remark of Lodge. "It is not, perhaps, strange that even the ordinary language of devotion has not been able to maintain itself against the inroads of the barbarians of our various reformations. Who upon earth but those who have learned their notions of devotion from Puritan zealots, would have ever thought of joining two such words together as *gloomy* and *ascetic*? Every Catholic knows well that, by ascetic writers, gloom and melancholy are described as very nearly sins, cheerfulness as almost a virtue. Mr. Lodge should have joined the words "ascetic" and "cheerful." Hear on this point a great modern saint and ascetic, St. Francis of Sales:—"Inquietnde is one of the greatest evils that can beset the soul, sin only excepted. . . The prince of darkness is pleased with sadness and melancholy, because he is and shall be sad and melancholy to all eternity; therefore he desires that every one shall be like himself." The truth is, that Margaret's piety was not *gloomy*, but of an ascetic cast, and therefore *cheerful*." *Dublin Review*, Feb. 1840.

sonal mortifications and a more rigorous course of penitential exercises. She had taken as her spiritual director, a divine who figures in the church history of that period by his talents and his piety. The ascetic severities, the fervent devotion, and unbounded charity of John Fisher, the friend and companion of Erasmus, and the good Sir Thomas More, having come to the knowledge of the Lady Margaret, she solicited him to quit his learned seclusion at Cambridge, and to become her spiritual guide, and the almoner and distributer of her charities. Let us hear how this saintly man has depicted the daily and private life of the princely lady who had placed herself under his spiritual direction.

"Her sober temperance in meats and drinks was known to all them that were conversant with her, wherein she lay in as great wait of herself, as any person could, keeping always her strait measure, and offending as little as any creature might; eschewing banquets, *rere* [late or second] suppers and *jouerye*s [lunch] betwixt meals. As for fasting, albeit for her age and feebleness she was not bound, yet those days that by the church were appointed she kept diligently and seriously, and in especial the holy Lent; throughout that, she restrained her appetite to one meal of fish for one day; besides her other peculiar feasts of devotion, as St. Anthony, St. Mary Magdalen, St. Catharine and others; and throughout all the year, the Friday and Saturday she full truly observed. As to hard clothes-wearing, she had hair-shirt, and girdles of the same, which, when she was in health, she failed not on certain days of every week to wear; some times the one, some times the other, so that full often her skin, as I have heard her say, was pierced therewith. . . Every day, at her up-rising, which commonly was not long after five of the clock, she began certain devotions, and after them, with one of her gentlewomen, the matins of our Lady, which kept her to then she came into her closet, where with her chaplain she also said the matins of the day; and after that, daily heard four or five masses upon her knees, so continuing in her prayers and devotions unto the hour of dinner, which on the eating day was ten of the clock, and upon the fasting day eleven: after dinner, full truly, she would go her stations to three altars daily; daily her dirges and commendations she would say, and her even-song before supper, both of the day, and of our Lady; besides many other prayers and psalms of David, throughout the year; and at night, before she went to bed, she failed not to resort unto her chapel, and there to occupy a large quarter of an hour at her devotions.

"No marvel that, all this long time, her kneeling was to her painful, and so painful, that, many times, it caused in her back pain and disease; and yet nevertheless daily, when she was in health, she failed not to say the Crown of our Lady, which, after the manner of Rome, containeth sixty and three *Aves*, and at every *Ave* to make a kneeling. As for meditation, she had divers books in French, wherewith she would occupy herself when weary of prayer, divers of which she did translate out of the French into English. Her marvellous weeping they can bear witness to, who heretofore heard her confession; which, at many seasons of the year, was every third day. They can record the same, who were present at any time when she *was houseled* [communicated], which was full nigh a dozen times a year, what floods of tears then issued forth from her eyes. She might well say, 'my eyes were fountains of water.' And moreover, to the intent that all her works might be more acceptable and of greater merit in the sight of God, such godly things she would take through obedience; which obedience she promised to the reverend father, my lord of London [Richard Fitzjames], for the time of his being with her, and afterwards in the same manner to me.

"She never yet was in that prosperity, but the greater it was, the more she always dreaded the adversity. For when the king, her son, was crowned, in all that great triumph and glory, she wept marvellously, and likewise at triumph and doings at the marriage of Prince Arthur, and at the last coronation [of Henry VIII], wherein, though she had full great joy she *let* [hesitated] not to say that some adversity would follow. So that, either she was in sorrow by reason of the present adversities, or else, when she was in prosperity, she was in dread of the adversity to come."

Stow says that "it would fill a volume to recount the good deeds of the venerable Margaret," and her worthy biographer and confessor narrates such a series of benevolent actions,

as fully to sanction the eulogium passed on her by Camden, who declares "that the merits of the famous countess of Richmond and Derby exceed the highest commendation that can be given." Her principal residence was in the country, on her various estates, among her neighbors and dependants. Her estates by marriage and descent were princely in extent and were scattered over various parts of the country—in the counties of Lincoln, Lancaster, Northampton, and Devon, in London and elsewhere, and in most of them she left traces of her munificence. Her most famous charities are St. John's and Christ's colleges in the university of Cambridge, her professorships at both universities, and her lectureships. All these she richly endowed in her life-time, and at her death by will. Of these splendid foundations it is not necessary to say any thing, as the historian and the artist have made them familiar to all. It is a more pleasing task to dwell on her smaller local benefactions, of which the world has heard less. At Wymbourne, in Dorsetshire, she founded a free school; at Hatfield she endowed an almshouse for twelve infirm deserving persons; near Westminster abbey she established a similar institution for poor women, which Protestant charity, in its wiser economies, has since "turned into lodgings for the singing men of the college." She maintained divers poor scholars "in the university of Cambridge, under the tuition of Maurice Westbury." She resided for some time at Terrington, in Devonshire, and pitying the priest for his long walk from his mansion to the church, gave him and his successors the manor-house and lands belonging to, and lying close to the church. In Lincolnshire, being lady of the manor of Depynge, she made it her business to put an end to a "boundary question" that had been going on for generations between two parishes. She procured the king's commission, and certain gentlemen of the neighborhood, not interested in the cause, who acted as jurors in determining the boundary line. One of these jurors is described as "having been servant to Margaret of Richmond, whom upon every occasion he highly extolled, having lived in her family sixteen years." On the spirit in which she maintained "the good old English hospitality," we are fortunate in being able again to quote Bishop Fisher.

"This noble princess ordered her own hous with marvellous diligence and wisdom, prov ding reasonable statutes and ordinances f them, which she commanded to be read fou times a year by her officers. If any factior or feuds were secretly made among the office of her household, she with great polic and discretion, studied the reformation thereo As for strangers, Oh! marvellous God! wha pain, what labor she of her very gentlenes would take with them, to bear them manne and company, and treat and entertain ever person according to their degree and behavior and provide by her commandment, that nothin should lack that might be convenient for them wherein she had a wonderful ready remem brance and perfect knowledge.

"Poor folks to the number of twelve sh daily and nightly kept in her house, givin them lodging, meat and drink, and clothing visiting them as often as she conveniently might; and in their sickness visiting and com forting them, and ministering to them with her own hands; and when it pleased God t call any of them out of this wretched life, she would be present to see them depart, and to learn to die, and likewise to bring them unto the earth for interment. . . . . and as to the ser vants and ministers of the Lord, when she heard of any that were of devotion and virtue full glad she was, at all times, when she could get them; to whom she would likewise shew all the comfort that she could."

To her other good qualities, the venerable Margaret united that of the liberal and enlightened patroness of letters; nay more, she was herself an authoress, a rare title to praise in the age in which she lived. Besides the colleges and schools which she founded, and her patronage of such men as Bishop Fisher and Drs. Oldham and Smith, and other men of worth and learning, she was active in promoting the success of the great invention of printing, which was then beginning its wonderful career. The art was first introduced into England by William Caxton, in 1477, who dedicated to her his *Hystorye of Kynge Blanhdardyne and Queen Eglantyne*, and in that dedication has recorded his gratitude for encouragement received from "the moder of the high and mightee Kinge Henrie VII." Among the works which were the result of the Lady Margaret's studious hours, time has spared us the

following: "The Mirroure of Golde for the sinfull Soule," after the French translation of the *Speculum Aureum Peccatorum*. The preface of this exceedingly rare book makes us acquainted with the nature of its contents which is as follows: "For to know the order and manner how to proceed in this little book, it is to know it shall be divided in seven Chapitoures, after the seven dayes of the Weeke. To thentent that the synfull soule, soyled and defouled by synne, maye in every chapitoure, have a new mirroure, wherein he may beholde and consider the face of his soul."

Another work which has escaped the ravages of time, is her translation of "The Imetation and followyng of the blessed lyfe of our most mercyfull Savyoiure Chryste, from Docour Jhon Gersen [Kempis?] his treytise 'De imitatione Christi.'" This is a very interesting volume, as being the first translation into our mother tongue of that admirable work of which it has been said that "it is the first of all human compositions, the scriptures being divinely inspired."

Wyntryn de Worde "at the Signe of the Sun in Flete street," who was the second who practised the art in England, was appointed her printer. From his press proceeded at her command, "The seven penitential psalms, expounded by Fisher, bishop of Rochester;" and also the "Stultifera Navis," or "Ship of Fooles of this World," translated at her command by Henry Watson, and published in 1509.*

One of Margaret's earnest wishes, was to witness the fulfilment of her intentions in respect to her collegiate foundations in the university of Cambridge, where she often took up her residence for months together to superintend the erection of the buildings. Fuller records a little incident in one of these visits: "Once the Lady Margaret came to Christ's college, to behold it when partly built, and looking out of the window saw the dean summon a faulty scholar to correction. In return to an imploring look which the culprit cast towards her, she exclaimed: '*Lente, lente*,' 'gently, gently,' as accounting it better to mitigate his punishment than procure his pardon: mercy blended with justice making the best medley for offenders."

Her youth had been spent in the education of her son, and now, in her old age, the care of her grandsons Arthur and Henry, afterwards the VIII, was entrusted to her, and she brought them up together with their sisters, in her country-seat at Hatfield. A visit to this interesting group by Erasmus and his friend Sir Thomas More, is described in the "Life and Times" of the latter (p. 30). She was present at the marriage of the same Arthur, prince of Wales, with the Princess Catharine, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, who, as a descendant of John of Gaunt's daughter by Doña Constantia of Castile, was connected with the house of Lancaster. She is said by Bishop Fisher, and the circumstance has something ominous in it, to have "wept marvellously at the great triumphal doings at this marriage *in dread that some adversity was to follow*."* It is too well known "what adversity did follow," and the painful details may form the subject of one of our "sketches."

The hour was now come when the venerable Margaret was to evince her resignation to the will of heaven under the severest trial she had yet experienced. On the 22d of April, 1508, King Henry VII expired at his palace of Richmond, in the 52d year of his age, and the 24th of his reign. Worn down by age, she had not long to survive the beloved son, with whom through good and evil fortunes her life had been inseparably bound up. In his will he appointed her his executrix, by the title of "our dearest and most entirely beloved mother, Margaret, countess of Richmond." She justified the high trust reposed in her. One of her first acts was to draw up a list of such persons as were most valued by the late king, and out of them to select the most exemplary and intelligent as counsellors to her grandson and scholar, the young king, to influence by their wisdom and integrity the opening acts of his reign.

With the venerable Margaret, the charm of life was gone when she resigned into the hands of her Maker, her beloved and only son. She

* This very curious work was written by Alexander Barclay, a native of Scouland, who died a monk in the abbey of Croyland. Its object is to expose a scandalous practice, at that time common in churches, where, in defiance of all reverence and religious feeling, individuals would bring into the temple of God their hawks and hounds, disturbing the devotion of those who came to pray, by noisy and clamorous meetings, and absolute disregard of the sacredness of the place.

* Before the days of change it still is so:
Man, by an instinct half divine, foreknows
The coming ill.—*Shakspeare.*

had survived parents, husband, offspring and kindred; her whole thoughts were now on that better world to which she was daily approximating, and when she hoped to rejoin those so tenderly beloved on earth. Her pious biographer, in narrating the close of her career, says that "her eyes were spent with weeping and tears, sometimes of devotion, sometimes of penitence; her ears in hearing the word of God, and the divine service, which was daily performed in her chaple; that her tongue was occupied in prayer the greater part of the day, her feet in visiting the altars and other holy places, her hands in giving alms to the poor and needy, dressing them when they were sick, and ministering unto them meat and drink." In the course of a few weeks after her son's death she was seized with her last painful illness, the agony of which put her faith and resignation to the fullest test. Her hands, that we have seen occupied in deeds of charity, "those merciful and liberal hands," had to endure "the most painful cramps, which grievously vexed her, and compelled her to cry out, 'Oh! blessed Jesu, help me! Oh! blessed lady, succour me!' It was a matter of great pity. Like a spear, it pierced the hearts of all her true servants, that were about her, and made them also cry to Jesus for help and succour, with great abundance of tears. But especially when they saw death so haste upon her, and that she must needs depart from them, and that they should forego so gentle a mistress, so tender a lady. Then wept they marvellously; wept her ladies and kins-women, to whom she was full kind; wept her poor gentlewomen whom she had loved so tenderly; wept her chamberers, to whom she was full dear; wept her chaplains and priests; wept her other true and faithful servants. All England for her death had cause of weeping: the poor creatures that were wont to receive her alms, to whom she was always piteous and merciful; the students of both the universities, to whom she was a mother; all the learned men of England, to whom she was a very patroness; all virtuous and devout persons, to whom she was as a loving sister; all good religious men and women, whom she was so often wont to visit and comfort; all good priests and clerks, to whom she was a true defender; all noble men and women, to whom she was a mirror and exampler of honor; all the common people of this realm, for whom she was in their causes a common mediatrix, and took right great displeasure for them [was content to incur the displeasure of the great for advocating their cause], and, generally, the whole realm hath cause to *plain* [bewail] and mourn her death."

At length she was to receive the last rites of the church to strengthen her in her last agony; and when the holy sacrament "containing the Blessed Jhesu in it," was held up before her, and she was asked whether she believed that there was there present verily the Son of God, that suffered his blessed passion for her and for all mankind upon the cross; with all her heart and soul she raised her body to make answer, and confessed assuredly that in that sacrament was contained Jesus Christ, the Son of God, that died for wretched sinners upon the cross, in whom wholly she put her trust and confidence. And so soon after she was *annealed* [received the extreme unction], she departed, yielding up her spirit into the hands of our Lord."

The saintly Fisher pronounced an eloquent discourse over the remains of his beloved friend and patroness, from which the above is taken. He had rendered the same honor to her son, who had so recently preceded her, and by whose side she was entombed in a sumptuous manner, in Henry the seventh's chapel, in Westminster. "She lieth buried," says Fuller, "near her son, in a fair tomb of touchstone, whereon lieth her image of gilded brass." "Her image," to quote the words of a recent writer, "is yet there, (though sacrilege has licked off the gilding), and she may still be seen in feature as she lived and died; for her monument is one of the most exquisite ornaments even of that desecrated temple of wonders." *

A singular compliment was paid to her memory by her grandson, Henry the eighth. The impression which her exemplary goodness and early precepts had produced upon his mind, induced him, in after-life, when pillaging other religious houses, to spare the Cathedral of St. David's, where the husband of her youth was interred; to abstain from demolishing the chantry which she had founded at Wimborne-minster, as a pious memorial of her parents, and to sanction the completion of St. John's college, Cambridge; though he abstracted as much from the wealth with which

* Dublin Review, Feb. 1840.

she had endowed it, as his rapacity could legally claim in right of inheritance.

One of the last acts of his aged grandmother was to commend the youthful monarch's inexperience to her faithful friend and confessor, the good Bishop Fisher. What a pang was she spared, when, after having witnessed the promise of good which he put forth under her early culture, this king became, in after years, the inhuman butcher of the eminent divine, under whose tutelage he imbibed that knowledge which rendered the opening of his reign auspicious.

It will be no disparagement to the subject of our "sketch," that, as in life she had a lofty feeling of her royal descent, without any impeachment to her humility; so, even from the levelling tomb, she speaks to us in the accents of princes. Her will thus opens:—"*We, Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby, Mother to the most excellent Prince, King Henry the Seventh, by the Grace of God, King of England and of France, and Lord of Ireland, our most dear Son,* have called to our remembrance the unstableness of this transitory world, and that every creature here living is mortal, and the time and place of death to every creature uncertain; and also calling to our remembrance the great rewards of eternal life, that every Christian creature, in steadfast faith of Holy Church, shall have for the good deeds done by them in their present life: We, therefore, being of whole and good mind, &c., make, ordain, and declare our testament and last will, &c. *First,* we give and bequeath our soul to Almighty God, to our Blessed Lady, Saint Mary the Virgin, and to all the holy company in heaven: and our body to be buried in the monastery of St. Peter, of Westminster, within the chapel of our Lady. *Item,* We will, that Placebo, and Dirge, with Lauds and with all divine services, prayers, and observance thereunto belonging, be solemnly and devoutly sung and said on the day of our decease, by all the priests, ministers, and children of our chapel, in as solemn and devout wise, as they can do; and so to continue to sing and say daily, as long as our body shall rest there unremoved towards the said place of interment. *Item,* We will that our executors, as soon as they conveniently may, after our decease, cause solemnly and devoutly to be sung and said for our soul, in every XV parish churches next adjoining to the place of our decease, by all the priests, clerks, and ministers of every such church, Placebo, Dirge, &c. *Item,* We will, that, on the day it shall please Almighty God to call us from this present and transitory life to His infinite mercy and grace, and on the day of our interment, there be distributed in alms among poor people, by the discretion of our executors, £33, 1. 8., or more. . .

"And forasmuch as the praise of Almighty God resteth much in this transitory life, in the administration of sacrifices and divine services, by the ministers of Holy Church, for the remission of our sins, and for increase of virtue, *cunning* [knowledge], and of all Christian faith . . therefore, We intending, with the grace of Almighty God, to cause Him to be more honored and served . . have ordained as followeth: Three perpetual daily masses, with divine services and observances, and one perpetual anniversary to be yearly, solemnly and devoutly kept; with the distribution of £10 in alms, at every such anniversary, for the health of our soul perpetually, while the world shall endure.* We have also provided, established, and founded by the king's license, two perpetual readers in holy theology, one of them in the University of Cambridge, and another in the University of Oxford, and one perpetual preacher of the word of God, in the said University of Cambridge; and also a Chauntry in the church of Wimborne, of one perpetual priest to teach grammar, free to all that will come thereunto, perpetually, while the world shall endure."

Then follow the endowments of her two colleges, St. John's and Christ's college, Cambridge, not overlooking the manor of Malton, to which her "scholars may resort and there tarry in the time of any contagious sickness at Cambridge, and exercise there their learning and studies;" not forgetting the bequest, "that all her plate, jewels, altar-cloths, books, hangings, &c., at the time of her decease, be divided equally between her two colleges."

We have quoted thus largely from this remarkable document, in the persuasion that no stronger testimony could be adduced of the Catholic spirit of the period in question.

* "In Margaret's will are numerous bequests for the good of her soul, and for divers charitable intents. The latter still survive; the former have been swallowed up. Let us hope that her devout and mortified spirit stood in no need of that assistance which sacrilege and heresy, unrelenting and ungrateful, did their best to deprive her of."—*Dublin Review*, Feb. 1840.

From the Dublin Review.

THE NESTORIAN CHURCHES OF KURDISTAN.

SOME of our readers may, perhaps, ask, "who are the Nestorians? and what are the Nestorian churches?" Our learned readers will excuse a few words of preface before we enter on the question that immediately claims our notice. It is now 1400 years ago since Nestorius, patriarch of Constantinople, promulgated the opinions which are still known by his name. He had a zeal, an ability, and an eloquence, which would have made him a rival of his predecessor, Chrysostom, had they been properly employed; but they were united to pride and ambition, and the qualities which should have led many to salvation, gave plausibility to errors which have led millions to perdition. The authority of the council of Ephesus, which declared that only one person existed in Christ, convicted the Byzantine pontiff of error, and his own contumacy made him guilty of heresy. He died an exile on the borders of Nubia, unreconciled even in his dying moments with the church which he had offended and betrayed. But his tenets were not permitted to die with him. The energy and power of the second Theodosius checked its progress throughout the empire. Penal enactments, legal disabilities, and imperial disfavor, continued with undeviating perseverance for two centuries, finally extinguished the Nestorian opinions in the provinces that were subject to the successors of Constantine; and at the time of Justinian there was not a church, and scarcely a professor of that doctrine to be found to the west of the Euphrates. But it was far otherwise in the east. Among those who, by subscribing the decrees of Ephesus, and holding communion with Cyril, contributed to restore peace and unity to the church, was Rabulas, bishop of Edessa, the Athens of Syria. This city was the seat of learning for the nations of the east. Within its walls were to be seen the natives of Armenia and Persia, of Petra and Ispahan; wandering students from the banks of the Caspian and the Oxus, and even from the farthest promontory of Yemen. The hardy Arab of the desert sent his child to receive a nobler lesson in its schools than the wild life of the camp or the desert could give. The theology of the schools of Edessa was in a great measure derived from the writings of Theodore of Mopsueste.* Nestorius had read them, and many say that it was from thence he first derived the principles of his error. The text-books of their schools, and the writings of their masters were of course reverenced by the students, and their teaching looked on as the criterion of truth. When the dim haze of error that was spread over the ten thousand pages of Theodore became condensed into the one heretical dogma of Nestorius, the words which gave a body and intelligible form of expression to their preconceived opinions, were eagerly adopted by the schools of Edessa, and it was publicly taught and generally believed that Christ had two persons, and that Mary was not the mother of God. When Rabulas gave in his adhesion to the council of Ephesus, he tried to bring over to his side the pupils of the schools, but in vain. Error is more easily infused than corrected. He had recourse to measures of severity, but that severity only confirmed and propagated it the more. The students dispersed to their own homes, and became apostles of Nestorianism in their respective localities. Among these was Barsumas, afterwards bishop of Nisibis. Crafty, licentious, and sanguinary, he aspired to the distinction of making Nestorianism the religion of his country, and he hesitated at nothing that was likely to promote his cause. The persecution he had himself endured did not teach him a lesson of tolerance to others. His first and most effective instrument was the political animosity of Persia to Rome. The throne of Persia was then occupied by Perozes, the sixteenth of the Sassanian dynasty, and with it

* A considerable portion of the works of this remarkable writer has been recovered by Cardinal Mai. See No. xxviii, p. 439, art. *Cardinal Mai's Spicilegium Romanum.*

ne inherited from his ancestors a deadly hatred of the Roman name, and a persevering hostility to the encroachments of its power. The Euphrates had borne upon its tide the blood of many a legionary to the ocean, and if the Roman was bound to avenge the indignity of Valerian, the Persian was defending the threshold of his native land. A contest of four hundred years had transmitted from sire to son a persevering legacy of hate, and whatever was treated with favor by the one state was sure to be visited by the vengeance of the other. The establishment of Christianity within the Persian frontier was not only forbidden by the intolerant spirit of Zoroaster, but it seemed a disloyalty to the crowned majesty of the realm. How was it possible (it was asked) that they could be faithful and true to their liege lord, who were bound by so many ties of interest and affection to their brethren of Rome and Jerusalem, and Antioch? What reliance was to be placed upon their fidelity, whose best and holiest obedience was given to a stranger? These reflections, which so often before had stimulated the kings of Persia to acts of sanguinary violence, were pressed upon the monarch's mind by the artful policy and insidious eloquence of Barsumas. The Christians, he was told, would never give true allegiance to him or to his successors. They would be ever ready to assist the Romans. If Christians were to be tolerated, and their numbers prevented extermination, it would be better to have friends than foes. It would be better to have those Christians whom the Roman emperor punished and persecuted, and drove with ignominy from his dominions. These would be likely to cling in weal and in woe, to the hand that gave them protection and assistance. Such were the Nestorians, whom the policy of the Romans was bent on exterminating. It would strengthen his empire, and extinguish a formidable internal foe, if the Christians of Persia could be brought to embrace the opinions of the persecuted Nestorius. The reasoning was plausible, and we know that it was successful. Barsumas was encouraged by the smile of Perozes, and sustained in his projects by the influence and the offer of his power. Having associated with himself some bishops, formerly his companions in the schools of Edessa, and who entered fully into his views, he commenced his work of reformation. The Cranmer of his time and country, he made religion the mere servile hand-maid of the civil, and that, a Pagan power. He facilitated the reception of his sentiments by permitting, and subsequently by commanding, the marriage of the monks and clergy. The latter, by an indulgence unheard of even in the present degeneracy of the Greeks, were permitted to marry even to the seventh time,—with this limitation alone, that if the uxorious cleric attained to the happiness of a seventh partner, the union was to be contracted with a widow; she was looked on (will our fair readers pardon our even repeating the phrase?) as only the moiety of a woman. But the progress of innovation was not unopposed. There were, even in the distant regions of Persia, some that would not bend the knee to Baal, nor willingly abandon the teaching and the traditions of their fathers. But the bishop of Nisibis was not a man to be resisted with impunity. He applied to the monarch for a military power to enforce compliance, and with an armed escort he performed the visitation of the churches of Persia. Wo to the hapless priest or prelate that offered any opposition. Blood and violence followed his footsteps. It is said that more than seven thousand martyrs of every age, and rank, and sex, were numbered along his path. Many more, seeking safety in flight, took refuge in the neighboring states, and left their homes and altars a prey to the sanguinary reformer. The vacant churches were filled by creatures of his own. Schools and colleges were established for the maintenance of his institutions. His successors were animated by kindred sentiments. The Nestorian churches of Persia were favored by the royal countenance of Nushirwan, the third in succession from Perozes, and acquired a stability which subsequent changes of empire have not been able to disturb. Nestorianism has outlived the dynasty to whose insidious policy it owes its propagation throughout the dominions of Persia.

The influence of the Nestorian bishops was not limited to the countries that were subject to the children of Artaxerxes. Their zeal would bring Asia into subjection to their spiritual empire. Within two or three centuries after the time of Perozes, large and numerous congregations were spread over that wide tract of country that lies between the

Caspian and the Persian Gulf; and the authority of the Catholicos of Babylon was recognized, from the western slope of Libanus to the frontiers of Japan. "His missionaries," to use the language of Gibbon, which, in this instance, was warranted by the fact, "pursued without fear the footsteps of the roving Tartar, and insinuated themselves into the camps of the valleys of Imaus, and the banks of the Silinga." The Regions north and east of Hindoo Koosh, were visited and explored by their adventurous zeal. In the eighth century, Timothy, who was their patriarch, sent an episcopal letter to the princes of the Tartar dynasty, exhorting them to embrace the Christian faith. Abulfeda and others, assure us that his efforts were attended with success. In the life of John, the sixtieth Catholicos, it is recorded, that a Tartar Khan, who was converted with 200,000 of his people, sent to inquire from his spiritual father how the eucharist was to be celebrated, in a country where corn and wine were unknown; or how the Lent was to be kept by those who used no other food at any season than the flesh-meat and the milk of their numerous flocks. The scruples of the monarch were set at rest, by the permission to use the thinner kind of milk, and the celebration of the eucharist was limited to the solemnity of Easter. The powerful tribe of the Keraïtes was almost exclusively Christian in the eleventh century. It was the conversion of some influential tribe, and, it may be, the possession by its ruler of the priestly dignity, that gave occasion to the story of Prester John, which has been current in Europe since the middle ages. A descendant of this very rev. Tartar Khan, was seen by Marco Polo, and is described in his travels. It is by no means improbable, that the Thibetian worship of the Lama originated in some corruption of the Nestorian creed. The many coincidences between it and the Christian worship and discipline, are too striking to be the result of accident. It has a rite very closely resembling the eucharistic sacrifice. It has prayers for the dead, and a choral service very like the liturgies. It has religious communities of men and women, like the monasteries and convents of the Christian world, and all its members are subject to the one supreme presiding head.*

Marco Polo, the celebrated Venetian travell of the thirteenth century, found numerous co gregations of the Nestorians, in very many the cities through which he passed from Mos to Perkin. John of Monte Corvino, a Fra ciscan friar, who penetrated into Mongol Ta tary, towards the close of the thirteenth ce tury, found them a numerous and well-orga ized body in Kamballig, a populous city c the northern frontiers of China. In a lett dated the 8th of January, 1305, and publishe by Wadding, he gives a very feeling descri tion of the trials to which they subjected hi The ancient inscription discovered near Siga in 1625, containing, in Chinese and Syria characters, an account of the Christian rel gion and of its introduction into the celesti empire, refers that event so far back as th year 635, and the reign of Tay-tsong. It als found its way through the port of Canton and, in the year 1274, two churches, built b the Nestorian governor of the province c Manji, on the river Kiang, were not more tha adequate to the accommodation of those wh assembled there to worship.

The spread of Mahometanism, and the estab lishment of the Saracenic empire, seems no to have much affected the Nestorian churche of Central Asia. During the caliphate, the continued in undisturbed possession, and wer permitted the free exercise of their religiou rites and worship. The fanaticism of indivi dual emirs, or governors, may have subjecte

* "Hoc solum dico," says P. Gruber, in 1664, "diabolum ibi ita ecclesiam Catholicam imitari, ut quamvis nullus Europeus aut Christianus ibi unquan fuerit, adeo tamen in omnibus essentialibus rebus con veniunt cum Romana ecclesia, ut sacrificium missæ cun pane et vino celebrari, extremam unctionem dari, ma trimonium benedici. Super ægrotos rogari, proces siones institui, idolorum reliquias honorari, monasteri tam monachorum tam monialium inhabitari, in ann sæpius jejunari, gravissimis mortificationibus se affici episcopos creari, missionarios in summa paupertate nu dipedes per istam desertam Tartariam usque ad Sina mitti." See Thevenot, tom. ii.

"On trouve chez *ces Lamas* beaucoup de ceremonies et des usages semblables aux usages et aux ceremonies qui s'observent parmi les Chretiens. Ils ont l'eau benite et le chant du chœur, ils prient pour les morts leur habilement est semblable a celui dont on peint les apotres. Ils portent le mitre et le chapeau comme les eveques, sans parler de leur grand Lama, qui est a peu pres parmi eux, ce qu'est le Souverain Pontife parm les Chretiens."—*Du Halde*, tom. iv.

"Religiosi homines ac laici fere singuli patrem spiritualem habent cui peccata sua generatim aperiunt." *Alphabetum Tibetanum*, p. 459.

"It is an old notion that the religion of Thibet is a corrupted Christianity, and even Father Desiderii, a Jesuit, who visited the country about the beginning of the century, thinks he can resolve all their mysteries into ours."—*Philosophical Transactions*, vol. lxvii, p. 476.

hem to local and temporary persecution; but he general character of their institutions remained unaltered. It was fortunate for them, when Asia was overrun and laid waste by the barbarians of Zinghis, that they were governed by a patriarch of Tartar extraction. Jabelaha, a native of Mongol Tartary, had been commissioned by his prince to carry some presents to he holy sepulchre in Jerusalem. After performing the objects of his mission, he entered a monastery, and took the habit of the religious n the Holy Land. Under the spiritual guidance of the Abbot Barsumas, he made such progress in the virtues of a religious life, that he attracted the attention of the Nestorian patriarch. His merit, perhaps his rank, procured his election to the archiepiscopal see of Foncat. He came to Bagdad on the death of Denha the patriarch, and was appointed Catholicos in his stead. When the Tartars got possession of the city, he occupied the patriarchal chair; and his influence with his countrymen, of whom many were probably Nestorians, procured for them some important privileges, and preserved them from many of the miseries attendant on their invasion and occupation of the country. When the crescent of Othman triumphed over the declining power of the caliphs, and the sceptre, or the sword of Mahomet, passed into the hands of Amurath and his descendants, the condition of the oriental sects of Christians remained unaltered. The fanaticism which raised the war-cry, and unsheathed the sword so fiercely against the Christian warriors of the west, disdained the ignoble and profitless persecution of the scattered churches of Asia, and remained satisfied with their tribute and submission. Its utmost strength was needed to sustain the tide of battle, that so often rolled back, baffled and defeated, from the walls of Constantine. But, if they attracted or provoked no direct hostility from their Turkish rulers, they were affected by the vicissitudes that ever accompany the transfer of political power. The intercourse of one church with another, and the influence of the patriarch over them all, was diminished, and, in many instances, had altogether ceased. Their schools and colleges were dissolved; the ordinary succession of the ministry broken, never again to be renewed. These misfortunes commenced before the time of Zinghis; and, every day increasing, they were completed by the internal dissensions, the social insecurity, and the universal misgovernment of the Turks. Many once flourishing churches have long ceased to exist. The greater part have dwindled away into comparative insignificance, and afford little evidence of what they were, when one of their own writers, in the excess of his admiration of their extent and numbers, believed them to surpass both the Greek and Latin communions.

Until the middle of the sixteenth century, all the members and churches of the Nestorian creed acknowledged the supremacy of one pontiff, the Catholicos of Babylon. His patriarchal see was in Bagdad, which is the modern representative of the once imperial queen of the east. His jurisdiction is very similar to that exercised by the Roman pontiff over the members of his communion. As no other pontiff can claim the title of pope, so neither could any other than the metropolitan of Bagdad use the distinctive appellation of Catholicos. He was chosen by the metropolitans (of whom there were no less than five-and-twenty), by the bishops and clergy. The heads of some ancient tribes had also a voice in his election. They were honored with this important privilege, either because of their political importance in the country, or for their having preserved, in all vicissitudes of fortune and government, the Christian faith delivered to their ancestors. On the death of each Catholicos, the supreme power was vested for the time in the bishop of the nearest see, which was that of Cascar, a city built near the site of the ancient Seleucia. It was his duty to call together those in whom the right of election was vested. Even after the patriarchal see was transferred to Bagdad, they continued to meet in the ancient city, and church of Modain; and the synod was presided over by the bishops of Nisibis, Mosul, and Bassora. When the election was peaceable and unanimous, the name of the new Catholicos was announced to the expectant people by the senior metropolitan; and the happy event was celebrated with solemn thanksgiving. If, as frequently happened, the succession was disputed, and no individual could command a sufficient majority of suffrages, they appealed to the decision of Providence. The names of the three most popular candidates were placed upon the altar; to

these a fourth was added, which was the sacred name of the Redeemer; mass was celebrated to solicit the divine blessing and assistance; the names were placed in an urn, and one of the four was drawn out by a child who had not yet forfeited his baptismal innocence. If the name drawn out was that of Christ, it was looked on as a sign that none of the other three was worthy of the dignity, and three new names were substituted. If the lot proved otherwise, the person whose name was drawn, was considered as the elect of heaven. Having received the official record of his canonical election, signed by the surrounding prelates, and having sworn to maintain the rights, and faithfully to execute the duties of his office, he received the episcopal consecration. It is a strange anomaly in their election, and absolutely unheard of in any other sect or community of Christians, that, though he were previously raised to the episcopal dignity, his sacramental consecration was repeated when he was elected patriarch; and, as he was most generally translated from some other see, this sacrilegious iteration of the sacramental character, was committed at almost every election. His appointment had, during the caliphate, to be ratified by the successors of Mahomet. He obtained the full privileges of his office only when he received from their hands the robe and pastoral cap and staff, the usual form of investiture.

Until the middle of the sixteenth century, the Nestorians were an united body, subject to the jurisdiction of one only patriarch, the Catholicos of Bagdad. About that time a remarkable change took place among them. For more than a century the supreme spiritual power had been in the possession of one family. When the ruling prelate died, the dignity was immediately transferred to another, perhaps his nearest relative. The other metropolitans, jealous at being excluded from a place of trust and honor to which they believed themselves entitled, or it may be, grieved at the injurious influence which such a monopoly was likely to exercise on the interests of their religion, resolved on vindicating the freedom of their ancient canonical election. The discontented were many and influential, but they were still only a minority, and the prescription of more than a hundred years was not easily disturbed. There was no power in the east on which they could rely for assis ance and support, and they determined have recourse to the Patriarch of the We the supreme pastor of Rome. Many of th former and most venerable bishops had appli to him for letters of ecclesiastical communio and nearly all had acknowledged him the fi in dignity of the bishops of the church. H name and sanction would give weight to t object of their choice, and determine the leg ity of his claims. In conformity with th request, and having required and obtained t necessary submission, Julius III gave them patriarch in the person of Simon Julacha, monk of the order of Saint Pachomius, and his death a few days later, he appointed t celebrated Hebedjesu to succeed him in th dignity. This distinguished man, the greate whom the Nestorian church has produce was brought up and educated in their erro and adhered to them for a considerable part his life. He was induced, either by curiosit or more probably by a sincere spirit of re gious inquiry, to visit Rome during the pon ficate of Julius III, and was there induced acknowledge the supremacy of the holy se and abjure the errors of Nestorius. On t death of Julacha, he was appointed bishop Soba, and metropolitan of the Nestorian chur in connexion with Rome. His conversio unlike that of many of his countrymen, w sincere and lasting. He had a perfect maste of the Syrian tongue, and was intimately a quainted with its literature. Before his co version he had written in defence of the Ne torian tenets, and he endeavored as far as him lay, to repair the errors of his youth, the zeal and application of his after yea His tongue and pen were ever ready, and ten actively employed, in the propagation Catholicity among the people of his nati land. He made a second journey to the ete nal city during the pontificate of Pius IV, procure a confirmation of his patriarchate, a is said to have been present at the council Trent, though we do not find his name amo those of the subscribing prelates. He was man of superior address and ability, and su ceeded in bringing over many of his countr men to the communion of the Latin churc His immediate successors being inferior him in these qualities, and being moreov harassed by the jealousy and persecution

e patriarchs of Babylon, were unable to con-
ue the good work so efficiently commenced
him; some of them could only escape the
verity of their persecution by fleeing to the
ountains of Zeinalbach in the remotest bor-
rs of Persia.

Under the pontificate of Pius V, the Catho-
Elias made overtures for an union with the
ly see. We know not what motives,
hether of religious conviction or worldly in-
rest, prompted him to the measure; charity
ould suggest the one, while history would
cline us to the other. The abbot Adam bore
ith him to the pope letters from the Nesto-
an patriarch, and he was commissioned and
powered to explain the sentiments of his
shop on the matters of doctrine that were
ntroverted between them. The profession
faith which he presented to Pius, according
his exposition, was declared to be orthodox.
his zeal for an union of the churches, he
terpreted too liberally the terms of his com-
ission, and misunderstood or misrepresented
e tenets of his church.* His explanations
ere subsequently disavowed, and it was not
ntil our own times that the lineal representa-
ve of that name became sincerely and truly
Catholic. The present inheritor of the
ame was educated in the college of the Pro-
paganda, and is a zealous supporter of Catho-
c unity. According to the admission of Dr.
rant, he has succeeded in bringing over to
ie Roman Catholic faith, all the Nestorians
f the valley of the Tigris, from Mosul to
agdad. In the time of Innocent XI, several
issions were established among the Nesto-
ans of Diarbekir. They were attended with
ccess, and had so much increased their con-
erts, that, in a very few years, a new patri-
rchate was established for their encourage-
ent and advantage. The new prelate, who
as the bishop of that city, was known, ac-
ording to the custom of the country, by the
fficial designation of Joseph and Amida was
hosen for his see. He became the recognized
ead of the Papal Christians, or Chaldeans,
s they began about this time to be called.
or, on their conversion, they repudiated the
ame which would connect them, however
emotely, with the errors they had abjured.

* Strozza, in his work, "De Ritibus Chaldeorum," ent but too willing an ear to the representations of dam, and his work should be read with caution.

We believe that the present ecclesiastical government of the Chaldeans, is vested in the bishop of Babylon, the Right Rev. Dr. Trioche, who, under the title of "Administrator of Ispahan, and delegate Apostolic to the Chaldean nation," exercises jurisdiction over Mesopotamia, Persia, and part of Arabia. He is the immediate and direct pastor of the Latins, who, in 1840, were computed at 1000 only; but he exercises episcopal authority and apostolic delegation over the converted Nestorians, as well as over the converted Jacobites, or Eutycheans, for, in the Chaldean churches, their previous differences are merged, and they unite together in the performance of the same liturgy, and as members of the one same spiritual family. For some years, Providence has tried their fidelity by many and severe visitations. They have been subjected to the horrors of civil war; their congregations were decimated by the cholera; and the feeble remnant that war and pestilence had spared, had to encounter the horrors of the famine that was consequent on both. Numbers, in the extremity of despair and terror, fled, with the surviving members of their families, to the mountains; and the fields, that but a few years before were rich with many a luxuriant and golden crop, became lonely and barren as the desert sands. When the storm passed, the Catholics returned with their surviving friends and countrymen, to repair, as far as possible, the ravages which society had sustained; and we have reason to hope, that the fidelity with which, in every disaster and affliction, they have adhered to their faith, and to their pastors, will not be unrewarded. But their loss has been awful indeed. The united Chaldeans were 120,000 in number in the year 1826: in 1840, the apostolic delegate could reckon only the small number of 15,000. There are an hundred families in Bagdad, under the care of three priests. The convent of St. Hormisdas belongs to a religious order numbering already over thirty members, who are especially devoted to the propagation of Catholicity in the neighboring countries. The Carmelites, and the Dominicans, have also succeeded in establishing themselves in Bagdad: and we cannot omit the zealous and admirable labors of M. Eugene Boré, whose letters have given such information concerning those countries, and whose services to the

missions of the Levant, are beyond all praise. He has succeeded in establishing schools at Tauris, at Djoulfa, and Mosul. The latter school contained last year over four hundred pupils of both sexes, and of all creeds; and when visited, last August, by the apostolic delegate, obtained his unqualified approbation.*

Besides the bishop of Babylon, there is another patriarch, who is the recognized head of the schismatical and independent Nestorians. He is known by the official title of the "Simeon" of Julamark. To enlighten him, and to convert his people to the pure religion of the gospel, was the great object of the American board of commissioners for foreign missions at their meeting of Utica; and, to promote the same laudable object, Dr. Grant and his lady, and Rev. Mr. Holloday, and Mr. William Stocking, with their wives, and the Rev. Welland Jones and his wife, had sailed from the harbor of Boston, and located themselves in the mountains of Koordistan.†

"The Nestorians," says Dr. Grant, "who once inhabited this district, *have all embraced the Romish faith and become Chaldeans*, as the papal Nestorians are usually called. They mostly inhabit the villages on the east of the Tigris; and Elkösh, with its convent of Rabban Hormuz, is the chief seat of their influence. Their patriarch resides at Bagdad, where there are but few of their people. He was educated at the Propaganda in Rome, and is a zealous supporter of his holiness the pope. He receives his appointment directly from Rome, and is in no way connected with the Nestorian church. The lineal descendants of the patriarch Elias of Elkösh, are all connected with the church of Rome; and the last pretender to that seat is now a bishop of the papal Chaldean church."

* The sees subject to the bishop of Babylon, with the number of officiating priests, and also the number of families, we give from the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith:"—

	Priests.	Families.
FOUR ARCHBISHOPRICS.		
Diarbekir	5	81
Jesireh	7	240
Mosul	18	1000
Aderbijan		
FIVE BISHOPRICS.		
Mardin	4	41
Seert	8	190
Amadia, Maltai, & Zachro	17	600
Salmas	8	340
Karkouk	15	320

† Dr. Grant and his lady started in the spring of 1835; the rest in 1837 and 1839.

With respect to the independent tribes, D Grant says: "The Nestorian priest lament the low state to which their church had be reduced, and said he feared that the people their gross ignorance would fall a sacrifice the wiles of the papists, who, he had be told, were about to make more vigorous effo than ever, to convert the whole of his peop to Romanism. The papists of Mesopotam have assured me that no effort will be spar to convert the whole of the Nestorian chur to their faith, and this report is confirmed b letters since received from Bagdad, one which says that the bishops and priests educ ted at the Propaganda, were 'about going Mosul, to hold a convention to devise mea to bring over all the Nestorians to the Romis faith.' There must be a final struggle with th 'man of sin,' and it must be boldly an promptly met. With God and truth on ou side we have nothing to fear, if the churc will *come up!* to her duty. Hitherto they hav prevented the emissaries of Rome from ente ing their mountains. But the latter are look ing with eagerness to this interesting field and while they are extending their labors i the east, no effort will be spared to sprea their influence among the mountain tribes Will Protestant Christians, to whom the Nes torians are stretching out their hands for help suffer the golden harvest to fall into the garne of the pope?"—Pp. 43, 44.

Thanks to those great and good men to whom the missions of the Levant are confided, i must, and with the divine assistance, shall The harvest is indeed ripe for the sickle. It is impossible, we think, to contemplate the progress of events in the east, without being persuaded that Providence is arranging all things for the best and wisest ends. The independence of these mountain tribes, which proved the great and primary obstacle to their conversion, has already fallen. The mountain chain which for centuries had preserved them from the evils of Turkish rule, has already yielded to its persevering hostility; and it is probable that at the very hour we write this page, the liberty and the independence of the Nestorians have been extinguished for ever. The instrument of their subjugation, and their most determined enemy, is the individual described in the following and the last extract we shall take from Dr. Grant's pages. We have already

ted that they are hemmed in from the north the Hakkary Khoords, and here is the por- it of their chief, Nourallah Bey.

"Our last repast was finished, the parting ibrace was given, and I set off towards the sidence of Nourallah Bey, the famous chief the independent Hakkary Khoords. He had moved from his castle at Julamerk, the pital, and was now living at the castle of ish-Kalleh, nearly two days' journey from e residence of the patriarch. A report that obers were on the road, occasioned some arm as I pursued my way along the banks the Zab; but no robbers made their appear- ce, and I passed on without molestation to e strongly fortified castle of the chief, which as distinctly visible, long before we reached from the mountain spur on which it rests. ost unexpectedly, I found the chief upon a k bed. He had taken a violent cold about ree days before my arrival, which had ought on inflammation and fever. I gave m medicine and bled him, and then retired to y lodgings in the town, at the foot of the ountain on which the castle is built. In the ening the chief sent down word that he was ry sick, and he desired that I should do mething to relieve him immediately. I sent m word by his messenger, that he must have tience, and wait the effects of the medicines had given him. About midnight the mes- nger came again, saying that the chief was ll very ill, and wished to see me. I obeyed e call promptly, following the long winding thway that led up to the castle. The senti- els upon the ramparts were sounding the ar-cry, in the rough tones of their native hoordish. We entered the outer court rough wide iron-cased folding doors. A cond iron door opened into a long dark alley, hich conducted to the room where the chief as lying. It was evident that he was be- oming impatient, and, as I looked upon the vords, pistols, guns, spears, and daggers,— e ordinary furniture of a Khoordish castle— hich hung round the walls of the room, I ould not but think of the fate of the unfortu- ate Shultz,* who had fallen, as it is said, by he orders of this sanguinary chief. He had he power of life and death in his hands: I new I was entirely at his mercy. I told the chief, it was apparent that the means I had used were producing a good effect, though he needed more powerful medicine, which, for a time, would make him worse instead of better; that I could administer palliatives, but, if he confided to my judgment, he would take the more severe course. He consented, and I gave him an emetic, which he promply swallowed, after he had made some of his attendants taste the nauseating dose, to see if it was good. I remained with him during the night, and the next morning he was much relieved. He rapidly recovered, and said he owed his life to my care. I became his greatest favorite. I must sit by his side, and dip my hand in the same dish with himself. I must remain with him, or speedily return and take up my abode in his country, where he assured me I should have every thing as I pleased. As I could not remain, I must leave him some of the emetics which had effected his cure. He is a man of noble bearing, fine, open countenance, and appeared to be about thirty years of age. He was very affable, and, on my departure, made me a present of a horse, as an expression of his gratitude for the restoration of his health."— P. 82.

It would be well for the Nestorians, if the doctor had not been so successful. At the time when this event occurred, he was meditating the destruction of their independence, by seeking to bring them into subjection to his own authority. Knowing that the Turkish government were anxious to extend their dominion over these mountains, he formed an alliance with the pashas of Erzeroum and Van. He also succeeded in attaching to his interest several "meliks," or chiefs of Nestorian tribes, by rewarding them with the plunder of the churches and monasteries. Two years ago he attacked the patriarch (whom he found the principal obstacle to his design), burnt his house, and killed four of his family; but the Simeon himself had the good fortune to escape into the country, and placed himself under the protection of the Tyaries, who were a powerful tribe of his own people. Nourallah, thus defeated in his plans, spared no effort to get the patriarch into his power. He pretended the utmost sympathy and compassion for his misfortunes, sent several messages of friendship, and expressed a wish to be on terms of mutual acquaintance. But the wiles

* A traveller who was murdered by these people a ear or two before.

of the artful chieftain were in vain. The patriarch, probably by the advice of his friends, spurned the proffered friendship; and the Khoordish chief prepared for war. He entered into negotiation with Bedr Knan Bey, the Turkish governor of Jezireh, and, in concert with him, made a joint attack on the country of the Nestorians. They invaded the districts of Tyary and Dez, and, having brutally massacred great numbers of the population, got and retained possession of Asheetah, one of their strongest fortresses, which, at the period of Dr. Grant's visit, was considered impregnable. The governor placed in command of this stronghold, Tiner Bey, one of his own officers, who ruled the unfortunate Nestorians with a rod of iron, and who, in a very few months, succeeded in provoking them into insurrection. It was the interest, and perhaps the injunction, of his master to do so. The revolt was encouraged by several Khoordish chiefs; and even the patriarch was persuaded that Nourallah Bey himself, jealous of the power which he had been instrumental in procuring for the governor of Jezireh, and, therefore, repenting of what he had already done, was not unwilling that they should succeed. This change of feeling seemed probable, from the fact that one of their Khoordish friends was of the party of Nourallah Bey, and would not, in all likelihood, have acted without his permission. Encouraged by these considerations, the Nestorians made an attack on Asheetah, in which Tiner Bey was wounded, and twenty of his men were killed. Notwithstanding his defeat and wound, he succeeded in reaching the castle, in which he was immediately besieged by his victorious enemies. After a siege of six days, he was compelled by want of water to offer terms of submission. During the progress of the negotiation, the Turks succeeded by some means in procuring water, and immediately turned out the envoy with whom they were in the act of treating, and bade defiance to the Nestorians. The latter were in daily expectation of receiving the succors promised by the Khoordish chiefs, and again renewed the blockade, in the hope of compelling it to surrender. While their attention was directed to this object, they were surprised by a detachment sent to relieve the fortress. A sortie of the garrison completed the disaster, and the unfortunate besiegers, hemmed in on all sides, were literally cut to pieces. It is said that two bags' full human ears were sent to Mosul, in order th the barbarous chief might assure himself, such a convincing testimony, of the reality a greatness of the victory which his soldiers h won. This was in October 1843. A fe days after this disaster, a party, seventy-eig in number, fell into an ambush prepared f them by the commander of Asheetah, the san sanguinary Tiner Bey, and only two escape To complete their disasters, Melik Barkho, th most distinguished warrior of the Tyaries, a their own only surviving head, was assassin ted by a Mollah connected with the emir Nerwaii, one of the chiefs who had instigat them to revolt. How similar are these even to those which we have been accustomed read in our own unfortunate country. Sub stitute Irish for Nestorian, the Irish deputy f Bedr Khan, the name of Inchiquin for that the Khoordish chief, and, word for word, th history will nearly hold good. Disheartene by these reverses, and deprived of his firme friends, the patriarch was compelled to abando his mountain strongholds; and, in the close November, he, with two Nestorian priests an their families, took refuge with the British con sul, and placed themselves under his protec tion at Mosul.*

It was the apprehension of such calamities and the necessity of providing himself wit some external protection, that led the patriarc to court the favor of the American missiona ries. His motive was political and not reli gious. The Catholic missionaries at Bagda having heard of the favorable reception give by him to the doctor and his colleague, sen some members of their body to counteract thei seductive influence. These had several inter views with the Simeon, and he solemnly pro mised, in a full meeting, that when the fitting time arrived, he would embrace the Catholi religion; but he afterwards sought evasions when he was reminded of the promise he had made. It is more than probable, that he is in fluenced principally by motives of worldly in terest, and a desire to uphold the tottering in dependence of his people. A drowning man will catch at a straw; and it must be the con-

* Since writing the above, we have seen in the Times a correspondence, dated the 21st of February, from Constantinople, which describes the massacres of the wretched Nestorians, as being still continued with circumstances of unmitigated atrocity.

iction of utter helplessness and insecurity—it ıay be of immediate personal danger—that ɔuld make the Nestorian patriarch court the ıvor, or countenance the ministry of an .merican missionary doctor.

In speaking of the diffusion of the Nesto- an doctrines a ong the people of Asia, we ıade no mention of the churches of Malabar. Ve omitted them in our enumeration, because ıey deserved a more than incidental allusion. 'he tenets of the Nestorians found their way t a very early period into the Indian Penin- ula; so early, indeed, that it is scarcely pos- ible to assign the period with any degree of ertainty. It was a tradition, as fondly cher- hed, as it was believed to be highly probable, ıat this country was blessed by the presence nd preaching of the apostle St. Thomas; nd even the place where the remains of the ıartyred disciple of the Redeemer are said to e interred, is now pointed out near the pre- ent city of Madras. It has been honored by ıe veneration, and visited by the piety of ıany generations of believers. The *Saxon Chronicle* and William of Malmsbury relate, ıat in the ninth century it was visited by the mbassadors of Alfred. When the Portuguese, ursuing the path of discovery opened by 'asco de Gama, reached the coast of Malabar, ıey were surprised and delighted to find in ıese remote regions, which they fancied the ospel had never visited, a people professing religion similar to their own. These differed ı complexion, manners, and language from ıe darker and effeminate natives of Hindostan; nd, though nominally subject to one of the etty rajahs of the country, they were go- erned by their own laws and institutions, nd yielded obedience in spiritual matters to ıe archbishop of Angamale, who exercised ırisdiction over one thousand four hundred hurches, and two hundred thousand souls. ccording to their own traditions, they were ll descended from an Armenian merchant alled Mar Thomas, who, about the tenth entury, or it may be earlier, established him- elf on this coast. Here, separated for cen- ıries from the Christian communities of the orth and west, and rarely communicating ith the patriarch of Babylon, their nominal ead, they increased and multiplied, and lived lmost independent and unknown. They ere Jacobite and Nestorian as the ordinary of Angamale was disposed; if, indeed, their ignorance permitted them to draw a distinction between the two. The language of their liturgy was the same Syriac tongue employed in the church of Babylon, and equally unintelligible to the great mass of the people. The first lesson of Catholic truth they received was from the lips of the sainted Xavier and those who were associated with him in his apostolic labors. The numerous converts made by them embraced the Latin rite, and Pope Paul IV erected in their favor the episcopal see of Cochin, the right of presentation to which was vested in the crown of Portugal. It is said, however, that the conditions on which this right was granted were never executed. Albuquerque, the first bishop of Goa, directed his attention in a particular manner to the enlightenment of this neglected people; and in 1546 endowed a college at Cranganor for the instruction of the youth in the doctrines of the Latin church. Some years of experience convinced the Jesuits, to whom it was entrusted, that without a knowledge of the Chaldean or Syriac tongue, any education would be of no avail; but even with this advantage, their pupils were objects of suspicion, and therefore their ministry was unprofitable. The very observance of the Latin rite, which they learned in the schools of the Jesuits, was sufficient to exclude them from the Nestorian churches, and therefore from the reverence of people. A bolder and a more vigorous step was wanting, and was made by Alexis de Menezes, the second successor of Albuquerque, in the see of Goa. This remarkable man was born at Braga in 1559, and took the habit of a religious in the order of the Hermits of Saint Augustine. He was made bishop of Goa by Philip the second; and in his official capacity performed the canonical visitation of the churches of the coast of Malabar. In the year 1596, he held a synod at Diamper, at which the Latin and Nestorian bishops attended; and in which, after the lapse of a thousand years, and at the other extremity of the Asiatic continent, the tenets of the Byzantine pontiff were again condemned, and the Nestorian churches formally reconciled to the see of Rome. Their liturgy was remodelled, and in its altered form and original language continued to be observed. The Jesuits and other religious were present on this occasion,

and took an important part in the proceedings. The original liturgy has been published, and it does not seem to differ in any essential particulars from some of the older liturgies of the church. Several of the words seem to lean towards the distinctive opinions of their sect, and were altered by Menezes. They have been charged with using salt and oil in the preparation of the eucharistic bread; but they themselves declare that the salt is used in no larger quantity than is generally employed in the seasoning of bread, and that the oil is applied in its preparation, lest the dough should adhere too firmly to the hand. After the reunion of the churches, Menezes was transferred from Goa to the bishopric of Braga in his native land. He was made viceroy of Portugal by Philip the second, and died respected and beloved by the nation over which he presided, and the order of which he was so illustrious a member.

The bishop of Angamale proved the sincerity of his conversion by persevering and dying in the creed which he embraced. On his death, Pope Paul V suppressed that see, and erected the new bishopric of Cranganor, at that time a considerable maritime city of the Portuguese, five miles north of Cochin. It was prudent to sever as much as possible the schismatical associations of the people, and wean them from the see which had for so many years been to them the mother and the source of error. The new prelate was to follow the Latin rite, and exercise jurisdiction over all the Syrian churches of Malabar. The title still remains, though the city has long since crumbled into ruins. Some of the Nestorian churches never sincerely adhered to the synod of Diamper. Feelings of discontent soon spread among them, and in the year 1653, after near sixty years of union, they rebelled against the bishop of Cranganor, rejected the ordinances of the synod, and having applied for and obtained a bishop from the Nestorian Catholicos of Babylon, they returned once more to their former errors. Four hundred families were all that adhered to the Latin prelate, besides the eleven parishes of the Latin rite over which he presided.

The conduct of the Portuguese was but ill adapted to attach the Nestorian churches to the faith which they had embraced and so soon abandoned. Those who have read the admirable life of St. Francis Xavier, by Bo hours, will recollect the scenes of undisguise profligacy, which drew tears from the saintl missionary, and called for the warmest exe tions of his zeal. Judging from their religio as it was presented to them, embodied in the lives, it was but little suited to command re spect or veneration. It may have been, to that the political measures adopted for the conversion grated too harshly on their preju dices and their preconceived opinions. Th influence of the Dutch completed what ba example and misrule had begun. These ha already begun to follow up the track of Por tuguese commerce and enterprise, and in man places to gain possession of the territorie which the declining power of Portugal wa unable to maintain. The political interests o this mercenary people were promoted, an their bigotry gratified, by detaching the Nesto rians from their allegiance to the pope. Wha could the cause of Catholicity hope from th sordid avarice of these money-making mer chants, who have undermined the power and impeded the progress of the gospel wherever the spirit of their commerce has penetrated who have brought religion into disfavor in China, and extinguished it in Japan; and whose path to the temple of mammon is strewed by the image of their crucified Redeemer, over which (to their honor be it spoken) no other trade but their own has ever been unchristian enough to trample? When they got possession of the coast of Malabar, they destroyed almost every church within their dominion, and banished every Portuguese from the country. If the native Christians were to be brought back to the true fold, common prudence would dissuade from the employment of Portuguese missionaries for the purpose. Indeed such was the rigor of the Dutch, that they would not be tolerated in the country. Seven years before their invasion and conquest of Cochin, Pope Alexander VII sent four Italian Carmelites from Rome, through whose exertions, in less than two years, the clergy of forty parishes were reclaimed, and with them many thousand schismatics. In 1659, one of their body, Father Joseph St. Mary, was made bishop of Hieropolis, and vicar apostolic of Malabar, and succeeded in converting nearly two thirds of the entire body. During the dispersion of the

atholics, consequent on the change of governent, and the absence of their legitimate pasrs, the congregations had to be consigned to e superintendence of the native clergy, who, hether from early prejudices or natural incacity, were in almost every instance unequal the duties of their position. To remedy ese evils, the Roman propaganda had reurse to the mediation of the emperor Leold I, and through his agency obtained, in 98, permission from the Dutch government r the residence of an European bishop within eir settlements. He was to be accompanied twelve missionaries of the order of the scalced Carmelites, and who were to be nares either of Germany, Italy, or Belgium. vailing himself of this privilege, Innocent II ordained that thenceforward the vicars of alabar should be taken from that body; and the month of February of that year proted one of them bishop of Metellopolis, d vicar apostolic of the Indian mission.

It was at this period, and consequent on is appointment, that the internal dissensions d their origin, which for one hundred and rty years have shed their baneful influence er the prospects of that once flourishing d still interesting mission. The Portuguese shops of Cochin and Cranganor, though werless for the spiritual welfare of the peo-e, were yet offended at this interference with eir prerogative, and their complaints were pported by the voice and authority of their etropolitan, the archbishop of Goa. It is t our immediate province here to enter into e detail of the many discussions and prosts, and arrangements and compromises, hich were no sooner entered into than bron, which marked the history of these urches from their first disagreement until eir present lamentable state of confirmed hism.* We know that it has retarded not ly the conversion of the heathen, but also e reunion of our Nestorian brethren. The ecise number of schismatical Nestorians in e Indian peninsula it is not easy to ascertain. hose who have the best means of informaon, compute them at forty churches, scatred here and there, and especially in the neighborhood of the mountains. In 1838, the Catholic Nestorians who admitted the authority of the vicar apostolic were estimated at 32,000, and were distributed in forty-two parishes. The subjects of the bishop of Cranganor, in sixty-two parishes, amounted to about 76,000 souls.

In considering the past and present condition of the churches of the Nestorian creed, how strong and convincing is the proof they furnish of the divine origin, and also the divine sustainment of that church Catholic from which they separated so many centuries ago, and to which they seem, in these our times, after a long, and weary, and wayward course, returning. Nestorianism had a succession of pontiffs seemingly apostolic, it had a Catholicity seemingly universal, when its rite, and liturgy, and doctrines spread from the Indian to the frozen sea, and from the Isle of Cyprus to the frontier of Japan; yet we see that once mighty edifice crumbling into ruins, because it was the work of man. The winds blow, and the rains fall, and the sands upon which it was built are giving way beneath it; and yet a few years, and some future voyager on the stream of time will seek, and seek in vain, the place where once it stood. It is not so with that church which is built on the rock of Peter, and whose foundation the right hand of the Lord has laid—the pillar and the ground of truth—the mother and the mistress of all the churches—which, unchangeable and indestructible, existed before it, resisted its commencement, disputed its progress, and is now receiving within its walls, with joy and welcome, those who have so long been estranged from her communion. What a fearful lesson, too, is inculcated on each in his own sphere of duty, of the mighty and enduring power of error. Here is a pernicious error, originating perhaps in ignorance or mistaken zeal, persevered in and propagated through pride and obstinacy, preserved by a thousand unseen and unnoticed channels to remote times, and transmitted to distant lands and people; and which is now, after fourteen hundred years, only slowly, though we should hope certainly, yielding to the power of religious truth and obedience. What a lesson, too, for those too sanguine individuals, who remembering the high hopes which were inspired by recent extraordinary religious revolutions, have now

* Those who wish for information on this subject ould consult the very able article on the sacred geoaphy of India, in the first volume of this Magazine, 234. It is from the pen of the vicar apostolic of alabar.—Ed.

fallen back in despair, because they find that the Anglican establishment has not already run its course, and decayed and withered away like a weed which the summer sun has nourished into luxuriance. With such an example as the Nestorian churches before us, to which God in the unsearchable ways of his providence has permitted a career of over fourteen hundred years, we cannot expect (however we may anxiously hope for its accomplishment) that a form of error, sustained by the power of an empire on which the sun of heaven never sets, a wealth seemingly inexhaustible, a literature and a press second to none other in Europe, is so soon to disappear from the face of God's earth, and leave not a trace behind. We believe that a stern and arduous struggle is before us—how long w know not—perhaps of a few years, perha to be continued for ages and generations y to come; but assuredly to be gained by pers verance, by labor, by zeal; by prayer, by a humble distrust of ourselves and confiden in him whose power is to break down th gates of his enemies. With such means an such aid the battle will be won. But when Let us hope and humbly trust, and pray ea nestly that the days may indeed be shortened that the time of mercy be not indefinitely de ferred, in chastisement of worldly mindednes and pride, till our generation shall long be fo gotten, perhaps till the empire and languag of Britain shall have passed away, and it sceptre shall be wielded by other hands.

ST. THOMAS OF VILLANOVA.—September 22.

THIS saint belonged to the order of the hermits of St. Augustine. He edified the church by his virtues at the time that Luther, who had belonged to the same institute, was causing the greatest scandals by his apostacy and errors. He was born in the year 1488, in a village of Castile, called Tuenlana. The surname of Villanova he derived from the town where he was brought up, and which is situated two miles from his birth-place. The parents of our saint, Thomas Garcias and Lucia Martinez, were possessed of but a moderate fortune; but owing to a strict economy, they were enabled to satisfy the charitable inclination of their hearts by distributing abundant alms among the necessitous. Their son inherited from them this tender sympathy at the wants of the unfortunate, and it soon formed a distinctive feature in his character. From the age of seven years, he began to exercise this favorite virtue, frequently feeding the hungry, and sharing the clothing which he wore with his needy brethren. He was likewise conspicuous for the virtues of mortification, modesty, meekness, love of truth and devotion to the blessed Virgin.

The proficiency of Thomas in the schools of Villanova showed him to be endowed with an excellent mind. He entered the university of Alcala, founded shortly before by Cardinal Xi menes, at the age of fifteen. The extraordinary success with which he prosecuted his studies procured him a place in the college of St. Il defonso. He had the consolation of seeing several of his fellow-students, who were moved by his example, enter the paths of Christian piety. Thomas had spent eleven years in the university, in the capacity of a scholar, when he was admitted to the degree of master o arts, and appointed professor of philosophy. This took place in the 26th year of his age.

Having taught two years at Alcala, he was induced to go to Salamanca, where he could fill the same post with greater usefulness. His real motive, however, in changing his situation was to avoid the praises he received at Alcala, and to execute his long cherished project of forsaking the world. In the mean time he was resolutely striving after perfection, and was already so far advanced, that he never uttered a word in his own praise, or condemnatory of his neighbor; he always walked in the presence of God, performing his actions in the spirit of continual prayer. During the two years he remained in the nniversity of Salamanca, he carefully examined which of the various religious institutes would better suit his disposition, and, after mature deliberation, he

cided in favor of the hermits of St. Augus-ne.

It was easily perceived by the manner he ent through his noviceship, that he had for long time previously trained himself to the ractice of austerity, the renunciation of his vn will, and the exercise of contemplation. ortly after the term of his probation had ex-red, he was promoted to holy orders. He as ordained priest in 1520, and celebrated his st mass on Christmas-day of that year. The ystery commemorated on that festival made ch an impression upon his mind during the oly sacrifice, that his devotion burst into ars, and compelled him to pause for a con-derable time. He often afterwards expe-enced at the altar the same feelings, particu-rly on the days consecrated to the mystery the incarnation. His superiors soon em-loyed him to preach the word of God, and to dminister the sacrament of penance; func-ons of which he acquitted himself with so ex-aordinary a success that he was denominated e apostle of Spain. His talents and piety used him to be elected successively prior of e convents of Salamanca, and of those of urgos and Valladolid. Twice he filled the ation of provincial in Andalusia, and once in astile. In these various employments he ex-ibited a rare example of mildness, affability, nd charity, in his intercourse with his infe-ors, to whom he became much endeared.

Contemplation and prayer were the sources hence the saint derived the admirable gifts hich were witnessed in him. In his com-unications with God his soul became alto-ether absorbed in the object of its love. On ree occasions when he was announcing the ord of God, he experienced those heavenly aptures to such a degree as caused the inter-ption of his discourse. Virtues so remarka-e could not fail to attract the attention of harles V, his sovereign, who appointed him ne of the preachers of the court, and placed im among the number of his advisers. We ad in the life of St. Thomas, as an instance f his influence over the emperor, that the lat-r at his solicitation pardoned some criminals hom he had refused to pardon when re-uested to do so by his own son and the arch-ishop of Toledo. The reason alleged by harles for his acquiescing so readily in the ishes of the humble religious, was "that Thomas was a true servant of God, and though as yet dwelling among men, was worthy of the honor due to those who enjoy immortality."

The zeal with which the saint endeavored to promote the glory of God, especially among those who were entrusted to his charge, can scarcely be imagined. He labored indefatiga-bly to maintain a regular discipline in his order, and to prevent the smallest departure from the spirit of perfection which ought to animate persons consecrated to the service of God. In visiting the houses of his institute, he took particular care to recommend attention to the manner of performing divine service: he insisted on the importance of reading the holy scriptures and of meditation; he ex-horted earnestly the members of the same con-vent to have for each other a sincere charity, and he took measures that every one should be employed according to his abilities. He thus formed his disciples to the true spirit of their vocation. Some of them carried the torch of faith to America, and converted a great number of infidels.

Our saint was performing the visitation of his province when the emperor nominated him to the archbishopric of Grenada. By his earnest representations, however, he succeeded in making his refusal of this distinguished honor agreeable to Charles. But some time later, through the mistake of a secretary, Thomas was appointed archbishop of Valencia, the emperor having intended to select another individual for this post. But being informed of the mistake that had been committed, he would not con-sent to have it corrected, ascribing it to an in-terposition of Providence. On this occasion the remonstrances of the saint to avert the burden of the episcopate, were of no avail, and by order of the emperor and of his supe-rior, he yielded to the charge. The bulls of Paul III having arrived, he was consecrated at Valladolid, by Cardinal John of Talavera, archbishop of Toledo. The very next day the new bishop set out on foot for his diocess, accompanied by a religious and two domestics, and would not so much as allow himself the pleasure of paying a visit to his mother. Having arrived at Valencia, he spent several days in the convent of his order, and took pos-session of his see on new-year's day, 1545. The chapter of his cathedral, aware of his poverty, made him a present of a large sum of

money which the charitable bishop sent to the hospital for the assistance of the indigent. Feeling a great aversion for the pomp of station, the saint determined to change nothing in his exterior mode of life. He accordingly continued to wear his monastic habit, which he mended himself, and when urged to wear a dress more in keeping with his dignity, he replied that he had made a vow of poverty, and that his authority did not depend on the texture of his garments. The frugality of his table corresponded with the simplicity of his habit. He always observed the abstinence and fasts prescribed by the rule of his order. In Advent and in Lent, on Wednesdays and Fridays, and on the eves of festivals, he fasted till the evening and then took only a little bread and water. His palace was the abode of poverty; no tapestry was to be seen in it. The bed on which he oftentimes lay, consisted of boughs of trees with a stone for a pillow.

Faithful in discharging the duties of a good shepherd the zealous bishop visited the churches of his diocess, and preached every where with such astonishing results that he was looked upon as an apostle and a prophet, raised up by Providence for reforming the morals of the people. At the end of his visitation, he assembled a provincial synod in which wise regulations were enacted for the suppression of abuses. The saint did not always proceed in his measures without opposition; but he surmounted every obstacle by patience and prayer; and in difficulties of an extraordinary kind, he resorted to increased austerities and the copious distribution of alms. It was thus he obtained the conversion of some individuals who had previously been deaf to his exhortations.

As we have already remarked, the holy archbishop practised charity towards the poor in a degree that has rendered his name celebrated. He employed for their relief, more than three-fourths of his revenues. Every day were to be seen at the door of his palace five hundred persons every one of whom received a supply of food and wine with a piece of money. He proclaimed himself the father of the orphan; rewarded those who placed foundlings under his care, and remunerated the nurses who excelled in their attentions to them. To poor girls, he gave a dowry to enable them to marry more respectably. Not satisfied with performing works of mercy himself, he endeavored to inspire the rich with the same commiseration for the poor, saying to them "Can you make a better use of your wealth than to redeem your sins with it? If you wish God to hear your prayers, hear yourselves the cries of the indigent."

St. Thomas was urged to assist at the council of Trent, but want of health obliged him to forego that satisfaction, and he sent in his place the bishop of Huesca. Most of the Spanish prelates before repairing to Trent, came to consult him on the course which they should pursue.

The saint continued to view with dread the extent of his obligations, and often declared that he had never feared so much to lose his soul, than since his elevation to the episcopal dignity. Actuated by these sentiments of humility, he applied to the court of Rome and to the emperor for permission to resign his see. Divine Providence favored his desires, and manifested to him that he would ere long be called away from the earth, and that his death would happen on the nativity of the blessed Virgin of that year, 1555. On the 29th of August he was seized with an inflammation of the throat accompanied by violent fever. He made a general confession during which he shed many tears, and received the holy viaticum with the most lively sentiments of piety. He directed the money in his possession to be distributed among the poor throughout the city, and gave all his other effects to the college, excepting his bed, which he reserved for the prisoners, asking the gaoler to let him have the use of it until his death. On the morning of the 8th of September, he experienced a great diminution of strength, and asked his attendants to read to him the passion of Christ in St. John's gospel, while he steadily looked on the crucifix. Mass was afterwards offered in his apartment, and as the priest ended the communion, the saint uttered the words: "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit!" and expired. According to his expressed wish, he was buried in the church of the Augustinians at Valencia. In 1618, he was beatified by Paul V, and forty years later Alexander VII placed his name in the catalogue of saints. The day first assigned for his festival was the 18th of September; but since Clement XIV required this day to be kept in honor of St. Joseph of Cupertino, St. Thomas' feast is celebrated on the 22d of the month.

POINTED STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE.

BY T. E. GIRAUD, ARCHITECT.

TO the artist and the Christian it may sometimes be a matter of surprise, that the majestic and beautiful style of architecture of all ages of faith, should have been abandoned for that other, or rather those other styles which are so far inferior to it in many respects. This revolution can be traced to two causes, the rise of Protestantism and the decay of Catholic feeling.

The barbarous and sacrilegious mutilations of the old churches which the Huguenots and Calvinists adapted to their own use, on the continent, were natural enough, for the self-styled reformation of Geneva needed but little for the performance of its meagre rites, and the rapacious vandalism of Henry VIII, and of the *lay reformers* under Edward VI of England, so strongly pictured by Ward, and eloquently lamented by Pugin, is well known: but in the cathedrals they left standing, even Anglicanism the *least reformed* of all sects, seems lost to the eye, and reminds one of a child in the vesture of a giant. Protestantism then, could not fill the old Catholic temples which it had desecrated, still less would it ever be tempted to raise new edifices which rivalled them either in extent or beauty. St. Paul's, London, is no exception; it is less a church than a curiosity for strangers and travellers.*

Had the Protestant principle been the only agent of destruction, Catholic art might have been spared in those parts of Europe where the newly discovered creeds could find no resting place; but already before the reformation, signs of the decay of Catholic spirit and feeling among artists were perceptible, in the symptoms of the *classic rage* which began to appear, and to which a wide career was soon opened by the paralysing effects of Protestantism on Catholic feeling, and by the gradually increasing circulation which the art of printing was giving to the literature of Greece and Rome, which drew on the arts and customs of those countries the admiration which was due to it alone.* "Judging," says Pugin in speaking of the churches in England, "judging from what has occurred during the last three centuries on the continent, it will be presuming far too much to suppose that England alone, (had not the reformation broken out,) would have escaped the pestilential influence of Pagan ideas and taste, which was spreading over Europe at the period of England's schism, and of which even some indications were perceptible in the latter pointed erections; and there is but too great reason to believe that had the destructive spirit been suppressed, the restorative or classic rage would have been almost as fatal to Catholic art."

During the latter part of the sixteenth, and the whole of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Europe offered the melancholy spectacle of "modern Catholics with their own hands polluting and disfiguring by Pagan emblems and theatrical trumpery, the glorious structures raised by their masters in the faith." Then it was that Fornarina sat for the virgins of Raffaele.

"Modern Catholics, says the Comte de Montalembert, have revived these (Pagan) profanities in opposition to reason, and formed the types of their churches, their paintings and their images, from the detestable models of Pagan error, which had been overthrown by the triumph of Christian truth, raising temples to the crucified Redeemer in imitation of the Parthenon and Pantheon; representing the eternal Father under the semblance of Jupiter; the Blessed Virgin as a draped Venus or Juno; martyrs as gladiators; saints as amorous nymphs; and angels in the form of cupids."

* In many old English cathedrals which are too large for the Anglican service, the old chancel is the only part of the edifice used for worship: by far the larger portion of the building is actually of no use.

* This *rage* reached its highest point in Paris during the revolution. The students of the school of David, turned out in the streets in full Roman costume!!

I have seen the vaults of Notre Dame covered with a coat of yellow wash; pannels of Italian marble now encase the altar where once, no doubt, stood a rich specimen of tabernacle work, and the venerable screen and rood loft have been replaced by an iron railing, which might figure very appropriately around a public garden.

"What can be more agonizing to a faithful Catholic, than to behold the clergy themselves, (the legitimate guardians of those ancient fabrics, the successors of those holy and learned ecclesiastics who were at once the architects and ministers of the temple) filled with the most anti-Christian ideas of art, and united in the destruction of the venerable remains of Catholic dignity, to introduce the bastard Pagan style, the very date of which is coeval with the decay of faith, and decline of their influence? Many churches in France have escaped the ravages of the Huguenots and Calvinists, many the tremendous revolutions of 1790; but not one has been preserved from the innovating and paltry taste of the modern clergy.*

"Hundreds of stained windows have been either sold out or destroyed to be replaced by white panes; the most curious frescoes and rich painted ceilings have been mercilessly covered by thick coats of white and yellow wash, the usual modern decorations of ecclesiastical buildings. Every vestige of internal sculpture or ancient art has been destroyed to be replaced by the odious productions of modern manufacturers "*d'objets d'Eglise,*" while the new altars present every possible combination of outrageous architecture and paltry ornament, and these are not unfrequently placed in such a position as to conceal the most interesting portions of the original buildings. Many devout and well intentioned persons who are conscious of the insufficiency of the Protestant system, and are favorably disposed towards Catholic truth, go abroad full of expectation and return utterly disheartened by what they have beheld, and which they attribute to the effect of Catholicism instead of being the result of the opposite principle."*

If we examine the religious edifices of the ancient Pagans, we find that in their construction and decoration, due regard was paid to their destination. 1stly. Their disposition was well adapted to the nature of the acts of worship performed in them. 2dly. As they were built in honor of immortal beings and for the use of many generations, the materials and modes of construction adopted were such as insured a long duration. 3dly. The degree and mode of decoration were varied according to the rank and character of the divinities to whom they were dedicated. Thus the Corinthian order, the richest of all, was followed in the temples of the father of the gods, the graceful Ionic in those of Minerva, the strong and heavy Doric in those of Hercules and so on.

Turning to the modern idolaters of India, we find them adoring in temples of the greatest durability and richness, whilst they themselves dwell in hovels. Where do we find these evidences of reason, good taste or piety, in most of our modern churches? I speak not here of Protestant conventicles, for if the architecture is outrageous, we must remember that, with many sects, all ceremonies and other externals of worship have been cast aside, because they did not admit the idea that the heart of man can be reached through the avenue of the senses. If they consist only of square pewed and galleried rooms with a pulpit at the end, they are all that is required for preaching and singing; and even if flimsy in construction they sometimes outlive the worship for which they were intended. But I speak here of the churches built by those whose glory it is to be of "*all ages,*" to offer up every day the "*tremendous sacrifice,*" and whose public worship offers a collection of the most beautiful and instructive ceremonies, and which nevertheless are not as solid, nor decorated with as much taste and propriety as a private dwelling, nor calculated in their dispositions for the observances indicated by the canons and ritual. And why is this? It is because we do not attach sufficient importance to the observance of many ceremonies enjoined by the Rubric, which requires baptism for instance, to be administered at a font, which should be situated near the entrance of the

* Pugin's Contrasts.

* Mr. Pugin would, it seems to us, have been more just, had he attributed these devastations rather to the "*conseils de fabrique,*" composed mostly of laymen, oftentimes ignorant and irreligious, than to the clergy, whose opinions are often overruled in these matters. He was probably ignorant of the existence and functions of these "*conseils,*" when he penned this article.

urch, whereas it is a hard matter to find a nt in one of our churches.* Another reason that we have imbibed not only an indifferice, but in many cases a most anti-Catholic ejudice against adorning the temple of the ost High, to the best of our power, whilst churches built prior to the reformation, and a few modern instances, we see all the reurces of wealth and genius profusely lashed. Finally we adopt a style of architecre totally unfitted for the form which a Caolic church should have, unless we go to eat labor and expense to cheat the eye and tain a mock regularity, thus spending in vain ow, on the exterior, and least essential parts f the church, sums at times greater than hat would be necessary to fit up the interior nd more sacred parts of the edifice with true atholic spirit and dignity.

This want of Catholic spirit is every where pparent. Compare the conventual or colleiate buildings of modern times with those of ld. In the latter, the chapel was always the chest, the most elegant and loftiest part of ie whole structure; in the former, even in ome of the largest and wealthiest colleges of urope, it would puzzle you to point out the lace of worship. In this country, it is true, ve have poverty to plead as an excuse in the ase of colleges and religious communities; ut little can be said in extenuation of the node of building the greater number of even ur large parish churches, in which the builder eems at once to have bid defiance to canons nd good taste, which might both be respected vere we even poorer than we are.

In Catholic times there existed churches of very scale in size and every degree of decoation, from the humble village church with ts modest steeple, to that most glorious effort f human art and zeal, the cathedral, raising ts lofty spires in grandeur and loveliness, far, ar above the habitations of man. Notwithtanding these differences, all these edifices reathed the same spirit, and bore the broad tamp of Catholicity, because they were all rected in accordance with the rules prescribed y the church, and on the principle of dedicatng the best to God in simplicity, without any ttempt to dazzle and deceive the eye of man by sham ornaments. The old Catholic architects or *master-masons*, as they modestly called themselves, would have rejected with disgust the idea of most of our wood and plaster, and cheap decorations, which never satisfy the spectator when he knows they are all for show, and are contrary to good taste which is always in accordance with truth and reason, and therefore points out that modest, *genuine* simplicity, in case of poverty, is far preferable to a cheap and lying magnificence.

The *reality* and *truth* of even the smallest details in buildings of the pointed style, is one of its most beautiful and striking features, and a reason of that *respect*, which we always *feel* in considering them. Any person who has visited Europe and has ever attempted to analyze the cause of his feelings in beholding a Christian building, will confirm this assertion. Frankness and simplicity, the basis and beauty of Christian character, here seem embodied in every stone, in every timber, in every moulding.

In modern or "revived pagan" architecture the opposite spirit seems predominant. Every means is used to hide or disguise some of the necessary expedients, used to attain either solidity or convenience, and which become more than ever necessary when edifices adapted to one climate, and to the wants and customs of one people, must be made to resemble those of another destination, age and nation. When "*classic rage*" had got the ascendancy over plain good sense, people became accustomed to this false and lying style of art, and looked with pity at the genuine constructions of the "*dark ages.*" Artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and of the commencement of the nineteenth, accustomed to Grecian forms and the new-fangled artifices of construction, in northern climates more particularly, looked with an admiration and awe which they did not always care to express, at these beautiful Christian monuments; but seeing the straightforwardness and simplicity of the means employed in their construction, without any attempt at concealment, (simply because there was no need for any,) they coolly turned on their heels and called them *barbarous*. Now this is so far from being the case that in some modern works published by distinguished French architects and engineers, Rondelet, Emy, &c., in which the deepest

* In missionary countries it is the work of time, to eform customs, which necessity originally introduced. Ed.

science is brought to bear on the art of building, the medieval modes of construction are held up as examples for imitation. It argues moreover, no great degree of barbarism in those men of the dark ages, who, it is true, were not acquainted with descriptive geometry, at least under its present form, that they should have been able to execute the cutting of the stones for the building of their *cloister-arches* and other erections, which it would task modern science with all its improvements and advantage to accomplish.

The absence of artifice gave to Christian architecture two other pleasing features, *i. e.* boldness and picturesque irregularity. When an out-building was wanted for a church, or any other building, it was placed wherever required, without its being deemed at all necessary to put up another like it on the opposite side merely for the sake of regularity: the southern porch, sacristy, chapter-houses, &c., in the old churches, are examples of this. There is perhaps not one large pointed church or cathedral in Europe, the north and south sides of which are precisely similar in details. This is also owing partly to another cause, which is that these buildings were completed exteriorly, oftentimes only long after the interior had been finished and used for divine worship; for notwithstanding the pious zeal of the people and clergy of that period, funds were sometimes exhausted. Their manner of acting under such circumstances, shows how deep and very practical was their faith. In the true spirit of Catholicity they finished the interior of the temple which was to be honored by the bodily presence of Christ, in the best manner their means would allow, and if the whole interior could not be completed, the holy chancel at least was, leaving to future generations to finish the less important nave and still less important exterior.

Is this the spirit which now-a-days animates even Catholic church-builders? Is not more attention often paid to the exterior than to the interior, from the builder's anxiety that his church should make a greater show than the new meeting-house lately *put up?* Will we be more pleasing to God, because the passer-by will observe that our church *looks well*, whilst the interior of it, is a practical denial of our faith in the real presence, and an outrage on every rule of taste and propriety?

The pointed style is the offspring of Catholicity; we should thence naturally conclude that it is better suited for its churches than another; this conclusion we find on examination to be supported by fact. In the first place if we look to convenience, buildings of the style not being subjected to that regularity of plan absolutely required by the Pagan order may be made fully to meet the wants of Catholic worship at comparatively little expense. If we look to fitness and propriety, there can be no doubt on that point, for "the three great doctrines of the redemption of man by the sacrifice of our Lord on the cross, the three equal persons united in one Godhead, and the resurrection of the dead, are," says Pugin "the foundation of Christian architecture."

"The first, the cross, is not only the very plan and form of a Catholic church, but terminates each spire and gable, and is imprinted as a seal of faith, on the very furniture of the altar."

"The second is fully developed in the triangular form and arrangement of arches, tracery, and even subdivisions of the buildings themselves."

"The third is beautifully exemplified by great height and vertical lines, which have been considered by the Christians from the earliest period, as the emblem of the resurrection. According to ancient tradition, the faithful prayed in a standing position, both on Sundays and during the pascal time, in allusion to this great mystery. This is mentioned by Tertullian and St. Augustine. *Stantes oramus, quod est signum resurrectionis;* and by the last council of Nice, it was forbidden to kneel on Sundays, or from Easter to Pentecost."

The last argument I shall adduce in favor of the pointed style, and one which will be received by many with incredulity, because directly opposed to common prejudice, is its *cheapness.* It has been proved that for the same sum there could be erected a larger pointed than Grecian church. This we may do in another article.

It may not be amiss, in terminating these remarks, to make a few simple suggestions in accordance with their spirit which may be of much use to persons engaged in the erection of religious edifices.

The first thing to be attended to is the ca-

nical distribution of the different portions of e church. Ample instructions on this point ay be found in Nos. XX and XXIII of the ublin Review, in which are contained two autiful articles on ecclesiastical architecture, A. W. Pugin.

If there be any prospect of an increase in e congregation sufficient to require the enrgement of the building, the plan may be so sposed, that the old parts in course of time ay agree with the new, which will become cessary. The building of the former should course be solid enough to prevent the nessity of tearing them down, when the time r enlarging the building shall have arrived. In all cases solidity and durability should be preferred to mere ornament, which may often be introduced afterwards, whilst the former qualities cannot.

If means are scanty they should be applied rather to the decoration of the interior of the church, taking care, however, to finish the exterior sufficiently to enable it to resist the weather perfectly.

By these means we would have churches in accordance with our holy faith, representing by their durability, its perpetuity, and descending to posterity as monuments of the zeal and piety of the early and scattered Catholics of the United States.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

Schism in the Papacy.—An article under this ead, from the *Quarterly Review*, is going the round the Protestant press in this country, and we are ppy in being able to furnish from the *Tablet* the llowing scorching refutation of the shameful camnies which are so gratuitously put forth by the nglish writer, and so recklessly propagated by ndred spirits in the United States. The phraseogy of the *Tablet* is occasionally harsh but the cts are not the less true.

"Prince Hal compares Falstaff's lies, for magnide and grossness, to the father that begot them; id if in this instance we may adopt the same rule id reason from the review to the reviewer, we ave no alternative but to conclude that this wielder the critical pen is indeed 'a huge bed-presser.' is lies, at all events, are of the very largest and ossest dimensions, and are told with a boldness id a gusto that 'would do honor to a better cause.'

"The lax and lamentable condition into which in any parts of Germany religious faith has been nk by the long-continued operation of so many lverse circumstances influencing in their youth e minds of the generation now arrived at matuty, is well known. That the German soil has ntained for some time past many elements of an propitious character, no one who has heard of the niversity of Bonn, of Professor Hermes, and the ntire story of Mgr. Doste's persecution, can be pposed ignorant. That the enemies of religion ould gloat over these circumstances; should busy themselves in putting together auguries of evil out of them; and in connection with these things, should return—like a dog to his vomit—to the old story of 'the Filth of the Confessional,' is by no means to be wondered at; but that such a galaxy, such a perfect *milky way* of broad, thumping falsehoods, should be packed so very close as we here find them, is perhaps rather astonishing.

"The reviewer sets out with informing us that the anticatholic spirit which the archbishop of Cologne has done so much to suppress and discredit, has been making great head lately; and that the virtuous clerical reformers by whom it is countenanced are resolved not to hear of 'any discussion of, or departure from, any one doctrine or article of faith,' but are determined coolly to commit the sin of schism with their eyes open to the magnitude of their guilt, in order to correct certain things which they dislike in the present ecclesiastical discipline. When this story is reduced to its naked dimensions it amounts to this: these virtuous reformers take it for an article of faith, that out of the Roman communion there is no salvation; they are resolved not to have this or any other article of faith interfered with; but they are resolved to renounce the communion of the holy see, and their hopes of salvation at the same time, out of a pure zeal for the reformation of abuses. In other words, these worthies have come to the conclusion to make over their souls to the devil as a preliminary to the more perfect service of Almighty God.

"If the reviewer had told us that his German friends, disgusted with the corruptions of the

church, had, through this disgust, been induced to open their eyes to the untruth of the Catholic tenets, and to that of the papal supremacy among the rest, he would at least have had the merit of putting forward a consistent, and, in the eyes of some people, a plausible statement. But to say that they will jealously maintain every the least title of the faith, at the very time they have come to the resolution of rebelling against a very important article of faith, is to pronounce at once that they are either insane or else wicked and cold-blooded deceivers.

"The four points, it seems, upon which they insist are first, public worship in the vernacular; secondly, the cup to the laity; thirdly, 'that the frequenting of the confessional shall not be compulsory;' fourthly, that the clergy shall not be bound to celibacy.

"The reader has seen that these reformers, who will not touch a hair of the faith, are yet ready to renounce one of its prime articles. Here he has another parallel instance. The Catholic faith teaches us that the confessional was made obligatory *by God;* and that not as a rule of discipline, but by His appointment the confessional, in the ordinary course of things, is the only method of procuring forgiveness for mortal sins committed after baptism. This is of faith; and every article of faith the new German reformers will jealously adhere to; but yet they will rebel against the superior they believe to be placed over them by God, unless that superior consents to abolish a sacrament which they believe God himself has instituted. For shame, reviewer! In any case tell a consistent lie if possible, and not such obvious, dishonest drivelling as this.

"However, the reviewer proceeds to examine in succession these four points.

"First, public worship in the vernacular. 'They,' that is, the German Catholic reformers, 'complain,' says the reviewer, 'that this particular law against vernacular prayers *has been* relaxed elsewhere—but not for them. In France the people commonly use a prayer-book called the 'Paroissien,' which has the Latin service and the French translation in parallel columns; but such a work is prohibited in Italy, Spain, Portugal, and all countries where the power of the church is absolute. In the north of Germany and the Tyrol they use a German mass-book, but it is rarely to be met with in Austria, Bohemia, or Styria. Nor let it not be supposed that this is a question affecting the laity only; a large majority of the priests in these regions are as ignorant of the meaning of the Latin which they chaunt, as the Jews are of the Hebrew which they read in the synagogue. Jews and Romish priests learn to read Hebrew and Latin, but they do not learn to understand it; even in the towns, to say nothing of the country parishes, very many priests understand no more of Latin than the people; and hence t importance, even as respects the clergy, of this fi point for which they are contending.'

"It is difficult to know how to set about un velling this tangle of falsehoods. Every person common information knows that the holy see h ten times as much direct power in France, whe the reviewer admits the existence of vernacu missals, as in Austria, Bohemia, and Styria, whe he says they are not to be found. The power of t holy see in Austria is, we hope, real in its existenc but in its exercise it is notoriously only nomin And if there are no 'German mass-books' in Au tria, the fault lies entirely with the civil pow which has the censorship of books and the admini tration of religion entirely in its own hands. The are facts of which the most ignorant cannot be i norant.

"But the climax of the reviewer's dishonesty to be found in this; that, thanks to the reformi propensities of the Emperor Joseph, Austria, upo which a Latin liturgy is here represented as pres ing with peculiar weight, is more completely fr from the grievance (if grievance it be) than an Catholic country in the world. *In Austria, with t single exception of mass, every public service of t church is said or sung in the vernacular.* This is fact for which we will venture to trust our memor so far as to refer to the Protestant authority of M Turnbull. At all events, we can refer to the 'Aus trian Encyclopædia' (quoted in the sixth volume the *Universite Catholique*, p. 69) which praises th imperial edict of 1781 for having (among othe things) so ordered matters that 'the liturgica chaunts should be no longer in Latin only, but als in the vernacular tongue.'

"That the Austrian clergy are ignorant of Lati is not merely a falsehood, but also a physical impos sibility—the fact being that in the Austrian univer sities theology is taught only in the Latin language instead of being taught, as in the other German uni versities, in the German language. An Austrian cannot go through his ordinary theological studies without being tolerably well versed in Latin These two gross, notorious, and palpable falsehoods therefore give us the measure of the reviewer's conscience and honesty.

"The second point—the refusal of the cup to the laity—need not detain us long. It is, however, conclusive against the statement that the clerical agitators spoken of are merely reformers of practical corruptions in morals, and intend to leave faith untouched. There *can* be no question of moral corruption here; and the prominence given to such a point, after the decisions of the council of Trent, can only proceed from minds tainted with heresy and unbelief. Now, as heretofore on similar occasions, the pretence is moral reform; the end

nd aim of the struggle is the subversion of faith, nd the establishment of rationalism and loose liv- ıg.

"'With the third point,' says the reviewer, 'com- ıences our difficulty'—that is, the difficulty of ondensing into the six or eight following pages a ufficient number of 'beastly'—we use his own vord—falsehoods, directed in the usual Exeter-hall tyle against the confessional. The practical re- ults of the confessional admit of an easy test within he compass of the British dominions, and upon ex- lusively Protestant and official authority. Ireland nd England: in the former country we have mil- ons of poor and outwardly-degraded peasants, with miserably insufficient supply of teachers, trodden own into the most abject poverty, and utterly des- itute of every physical means of insuring or pro- noting decency of life, to say nothing of virtuous ıving. *That* people has the use of the confessional. The reviewer says, 'that if it had been the intention f any body of men to corrupt the morals of the hu- nan race, to habituate children of both sexes to im- urity, filth, and profligacy, it would have been im- ossible to have devised a scheme more completely dapted to produce that effect than the confessional s it is now carried on in the church of Rome.'

"Well, this Irish people, whom every physical nd every social circumstance combines to lure or orce into immorality, have, moreover, the irresist- ble impulse of this most astutely-contrived instru- nent of filth. What is the result? If what the eviewer says be true, or be any thing like the ruth, it is—we may almost say—*physically* impos- ible that they should be any thing else than the nost debauched, profligate, unchaste, impure race n the face of the world. Naturally of a warm and amorous temperament, sunk far below any level of human respectability and considerations of mere de- corum; apart from the influences of virtue, and utored by this impure confessional, they must be nonsters of faith. There is no hope for it unless the eviewer be a lie-monger—which he is! Now, the act—the notorious fact is that on the face of the earth there is not a more chaste people than these ame confession-haunting Irish. This is one side f the experiment.

"For the contrast we have only to look at home. There we have a Protestant race of people, un- ouched by the confessional, instructed in their luties 'by the purest and most primitive church hat ever existed,' which church has enjoyed almost ninterrupted sway over them for two or three cen- uries. What is the case here? Why here the gricultural peasantry are torpid in their intellects, rutal in their tastes, and (as a class) without any ense or knowledge of chastity—and are so proved to e by Protestant official reports. The town popu- ation has more intellectual activity, the same amount of moral restraint—and, consequently, a much wider scope for vice, and a much more effect- ive practice of it. These two great facts should in common prudence be maturely considered by any writer, however unscrupulous, before he begins to lecture us on the filth of the confessional.

"But there is a third fact to which we wish to draw the attention of such of the readers of this reviewer as may chance to read the TABLET. The reviewer admits, seemingly for the purpose of making his ac- cusations more effective by assuming the cant of candor, that 'there is much genuine piety and virtue in Rome.' He must admit—or deny all his- tory—that those canonized saints who have treated of moral theology have been persons of extraordina- ry purity of mind. As one of the later instances, we give St. Alphonsus, of whom it is said by those who knew him most intimately, that it is doubtful if in his life he ever committed even a venial sin deliberately. Now, our reviewer admits (p. 162) that the heads of the church have it at heart to pro- mote 'decorum of manners,' and to root out moral corruptions. At page 158 he tells us that 'it is im- possible, in the very nature of things, that a young female, or almost any female, can have such a bur- den on her conscience as can make her desire often to resort to special and private confession to a priest.' Now, we desire the reviewer to put all these facts and statements together, and having done so, to furnish us with his explanation of this other fact, that the purest-minded saints—such as St. Alphonsus; men the most practised in the confes- sional; those best acquainted with the weaknesses of the human heart, its dangers and frailties; always have most earnestly recommended frequent confes- sion; and the *more* frequent, the more innocent and spotless the penitent may be. Penitents, says St. Alphonsus, of a very delicate conscience are in the habit of going to confession 'every day,' *quotidie;* but to avoid a troublesome and unreasonable scrupu- losity, he recommends that ordinarily 'once, or, at most, twice a week, is sufficient for spiritual per- sons.'

"Does any one suppose that these spiritual per- sons frequent the confessional to accuse themselves of mortal sins? or wait to go there till they have something very grievous to repent of? No one who is not shamefully ignorant of the Catholic practice in these matters, or deliberately dishonest, would ever write or publish such trash. The more tender the conscience, the greater the horror of sin, that is, the purer the life, the more eager is the desire for the confessional—partly because in the defined and solemn inquiry which precedes confession the strongest resolutions are formed against sin, and partly because in the reception of this sacrament a *grace* is communicated which is the strongest super- natural preservation against sin.

"The reviewer writes like a person to whom the angelical purity of a holy life was unknown; and he gives us the impression of one whose soul has a 'beastly' hankering after impurity; who has no faith in virtue; and whose favorite companions have been persons of loose and disorderly lives. That he is either a wilful utterer of fiendish lies, or that he has never tried even to understand the practical system upon which he writes, is perfectly obvious to every instructed Catholic. And it is not less evident that if he has read the books he quotes so flippantly—the Catholic books, we mean, on moral theology—the scientific treatises on 'the morbid anatomy of the human soul,' he has done so rather to feed an impure imagination and stimulate a filthy appetite, than to derive from them the lessons of virtue and warnings against vice with which, to a reflective mind, they abound and superabound.

"Having taken this measure of our author's character, let us hear him speak a little further.

"'We will confine ourselves at present to two diocesses in France, and two in Germany—in each of which we have ourselves resided. In each of the former, on a certain fixed day, a very excellent prelate assembles all the clergy of his see in the cathedral, *where with closed doors, and in secret*, they celebrate together the holiest mysteries of their faith. Mass being ended, the bishop proceeds to address a *concio ad clerum*, in which he enumerates all the cases of immorality which have occurred amongst the clergy in the course of the last year, with the sentences which have been passed by the ecclesiastical tribunals. The names of the parties are carefully concealed; some are known to priests resident in the immediate neighborhood—but the greater part have escaped even local notoriety; many have become known only through the confessional: the *participes criminis* have perhaps been removed into other parishes, and then revealed to new confessors that which would otherwise have remained secret, and which has thus come round to the ears of the prelate in whose diocess the culprit resided. Sometimes the weight of sin can be no longer borne on the conscience, and voluntary confessions have been made. A thrill of horror pervaded the assembly on one occasion when the good bishop had finished his recital; and then, with many tears, at the head, and in the name of the whole body of this clergy, he confessed the sin of the priests and people, and implored forgiveness. Such is the practice in two different diocesses in France.'

"A little lower down the reviewer speaks of being 'personally acquainted' with those very facts. He dates this scene in France, and says that 'scarce a Roman Catholic layman of any rank, or of whatever general intelligence, has the smallest information upon any subject connected with the priests.' We put, then, this plain question—how did he, a Protestant Englishman, acquire a 'personal acquaintance' with the most secret proceedings of bishops and clergy in France—proceedings that could not be revealed without a crime? Either his 'personal acquaintance' is an *impossible* lie—or he must be an apostate priest—most probably some wretch who has been drummed out of the church for his infamous life and conversation, or who has left it to gain a freer scope for his detestable enormities.

"'Personal acquaintance,' mind—we repeat the expression. The best informed 'Roman Catholic laymen' of France know nothing about the priests. The proceedings that take place among the clergy with 'closed doors and in secret' are unknown to the best informed Catholic layman; but he, an English Protestant, or an apostate priest, has been admitted behind the veil. Suppose him to be what he professes to be—an English Protestant, it is impossible he can have been admitted to the scene he describes. He *can* have had no 'personal acquaintance' with the scene. *That* must be a lie. This information *must* be hearsay; and his informant *must be*, by the very fact of the revelation, one of the vilest wretches on the face of the earth. If, on the other hand, he is an apostate priest, his evidence is worth nothing until we know the cause and manner of his apostacy; until we know, for instance, whether it was *his* wickedness that made 'a thrill of horror pervade the assembly;' until we know whether he renounced his religion to give a freer current to the lusts of the flesh; until we have the means of judging whether, like Luther, he has married a nun; whether, like Luther, he sanctions profligacy, condemns chastity as a physical impossibility, upholds fornication and adultery, and has his soul in every way crusted over and hardened with the filth and impurity of the flesh.

"We add one more remark under this head. The writer here affects to describe the proceedings of a French diocess. Now, every French priest and bishop lives surrounded by jealous infidel spies, whose eyes are on the watch to detect the smallest slip in conduct or perversity in demeanor—men who would be delighted to publish to the world the fruits of their malignant curiosity—men who have as their unscrupulous backers nine-tenths of the press of France. How is it, then, we ask, that not merely the frailties of their priests are unknown to lay Catholics, but that they do not reach the ears of the infidel portion of the population by whom the priests are surrounded? Every common reader of newspapers knows that recently all the infidel organs of France have been trying to preach down the character of the clergy. And how have they done so? Have they brought out facts of immorality; instances of impurity; cases of shameless indecency? NO. What they have done has been no more than

done in Exeter Hall—that is—to reproduce filthy extracts from books of casuistry; just as they might prove the immorality of physicians by holding up to detestation the filthy plates and descriptions contained in books of anatomy, and by haranguing on the indecent practices of midwifery. But while this English Protestant reviewer pretends to be 'personally acquainted' with cases of clerical immorality wholesale, the French infidel journalists, though at their wits' end for such cases, *have been able to produce none.* What a despicable creature this reviewer must be!

"With regard to the fourth point—that of clerical celibacy, the reviewer uses one sentence which one would settle the question of his veracity. Speaking of German ecclesiastics in certain diocesses he says: 'It is a remarkable feature in the case that all the profligate clergy are strong in favor of the continuance of the law of celibacy, whilst all the moral clergy are for abolishing it.' He has forgot to append to this falsehood the fact (for which we refer to an article in the *Dublin Review* for August, 1841) that this threatened schism has its roots only in immoral diocesses, where the discipline of the church is checked by the despotism of the state; where faith is sapped by infidelity; where the ecclesiastical seminaries have been under 'philosophical' control; and where, if the clergy are immoral, their immorality is the natural and necessary result of the antichristian principles systematically infused into their souls by the friends of this reviewer.

"As to the danger of even a local schism, we very much doubt it; and certainly it is the opinion of the best informed Catholics that the danger has very considerably decreased since the noble exertions made by the illustrious confessor of Cologne. For a more detailed account than we can pretend to furnish of the spiritual condition of Catholic Germany, we must refer to the before mentioned article in the Dublin Review. We are happy to add from other sources our confirmation of the fact stated by the reviewer, that the *anti-celibataire* party in Germany has received a great blow from the triumph of Cologne; and that since that auspicious event a new spirit has been aroused, and papal Catholicism has everywhere been rising more and more throughout Germany, to the confusion and dismay of the unprincipled confederacy of which this reviewer is the miserable organ."

Rome.—*Conversion of Mr. Hurter.*—Our readers have already been made aware of the conversion to the Catholic faith of the celebrated German historian, Hurter. The following details of this event, which we take from *La Gazette du Midi*, will not prove unacceptable:—"Mr. Hurter paid a visit to Father Ventura. These two upright and candid characters speedily understood one another. Their conversation was a lengthened one, and turned rather on scientific than on religious subjects. They were on the point of separating, when Father Ventura, catching his interlocutor by both hands said to him with that charity and persuasive affection always alive in the heart of the priest—'Well, let's see, when do you intend to obey the voice of God?' 'Some day or other,' said the Protestant doctor; 'but it is a matter of much importance, and needs reflection.' 'Aye, some day or other, say you; but who hath counted our days? God hath long waited for you, and who knows whether he will not weary of waiting?' At these words Hurter warmly pressed Father Ventura in his arms, and left him. On the following day he arose more calm than usual, and every one remarked in his appearance a serenity that had formerly been habitual to his fine, mild German face, but which he seemed to have lost during his sojourn in Rome. Early in the morning he hastened to a Swiss priest, a friend of his, who is chaplain at the pontifical palace, and says to him: 'I am determined; do me the pleasure of going to the holy father; ask his orders for my abjuration, and that it may take place as soon as possible.' The pope fixed on the second next day, and named Cardinal Orsini as the person to receive the abjuration."—*Cork Examiner.*

The Pope's Letter.—The encyclical letter which the sovereign pontiff, in his solicitude for the purity of the faith, has addressed to the prelates of Italy, calling upon them to guard with vigilance against the introduction, among their flocks, of spurious versions of the Bible, has not failed to become an occasion of renewed charges against the Catholic church, and to revive among her adversaries the old outcry that she is hostile to the Scriptures. When will they have candor enough to withdraw this unjust accusation, and allow themselves to discriminate between a judicious and an imprudent dissemination of the inspired volume, between an enlightened and a ruinous zeal for the word of God? There is not a Catholic country in Europe in which the scriptures, in the vernacular tongue, are not incessantly issuing from the press, and it requires but ordinary observation to perceive that in the United States one edition rapidly succeeds another: at this moment we could mention the names of two booksellers who are actually engaged in the publication of the Bible. Whence this demand for the Scriptures, if they are not circulated among the people? The fact is that the inspired book is every where found in Catholic hands. The clergy are bound to read a portion of it daily, while it is the text-book of all their instructions and admonitions. In conventual and ecclesiastical communities, the reading of the holy Scripture constitutes a daily exercise, which is generally performed kneeling, through respect for the word of God. Among the laity, too, it is almost

universally the practice in well-regulated families to read at stated times a lesson from the Old or New Testament. It is manifest, therefore, that nothing could be more at variance with the truth, than the assertion that the Catholic church is opposed to the dissemination of the Bible among her children. But there are two modes of propagating the word of God; one by which the people are wisely directed to receive it in its purity and understandingly; the other, which has the effect of corrupting the fountains of truth and annulling their salutary influence. These pernicious results are the natural consequences of spurious translations not authorized by the church, and of arbitrary interpretations of the divine word not sanctioned by her teaching; and, as the movements of the Bible societies have a tendency to produce these evils, the sovereign pontiff has seen fit to warn the pastors of the church against them. In doing so, however, he has merely carried out principles which, as the *New York Churchman* wisely remarks, "are practically conceded by the professedly orthodox of every denomination." For what sect of Christians does not condemn that use or construction of the Bible which is opposed to its own tenets? The disapprobation of the Bible societies by the pope argues then no disposition on his part that the word of God should be less widely diffused; it is simply a caution to the flock committed to his charge, to beware of that false zeal which is not according to God, and which, by an indiscriminate and injudicious circulation of the Scriptures, is subversive of the very object which it has in view. We have heard enlightened Protestants themselves reprove this inconsiderate zeal, and many distinguished writers among them, who entertained a profound respect for the inspired volume, have expressed a coincidence of sentiment, for the most part, with the doctrine inculcated in the letter of the pope. We quote with pleasure the following extract from Talfourd's *Critical and Miscellaneous writings*, p. 273, &c.

"The Bible society, founded and supported, no doubt, from the noblest motives, also puts forth pretensions which are sickening. Its advocates frequently represent it as destined to change all earth into a paradise. That a complete triumph of the principles of the Bible would bring in the happy state which they look for can never be disputed; but the history of our religion affords no ground for anticipating such a result from the unaided perusal of its pages.

"Deep and extensive impressions of the truths of the gospel have never been made by mere reading, but always by the exertions of living enthusiasm in the holy cause. Providence may, indeed, in its inscrutable wisdom, impart new energy to particular instruments; but there appears no sufficient indication of such a change as shall make th *printed Bible alone* the means of regenerating th species. 'An age of Bibles' may not be an ag of Christian charity and hope. The word of Go may not be revered the more by becoming a com mon book in every cottage, and a drug in the sho of every pawn-broker. It was surely neithe known nor revered the less when it was a rar treasure, when it was proscribed by those who sat i high places; and its torn leaves and fragments wer cherished even unto death. In those days, when single copy chained to the desk of the church wa alone in extensive parishes, did it diffuse les sweetness through rustic hearts than now, whe the poor are almost compelled to possess it? Hov then did the villagers flock from distant farms cheered in their long walks by thoughts, not of thi world, to converse for a short hour with patriarchs saints and apostles! How did they devour the ven erable and well worn page with tearful eyes, o listen delighted to the voice of one gifted above hi fellows, who read aloud the oracles of celestia wisdom! What ideas of the Bible must they have enjoyed, who came many a joyful pilgrimage to hear or to read it! Yet even more precious was the enjoyment of those who, in times of persecution, snatched glances in secret at its pages, and thus entered, as by stealth, into the paradisaical region, to gather immortal fruits and listen to angel voices. The word of God was dearer to them than house, land, or the 'ruddy drops which warmed their hearts.'

"Instead of the lamentable weariness and disgust with which the young now too often turn from the perusal of the Scriptures, they heard with mute attention and serious joy the histories of the Old Testament and the parables of the New. They heard with revering sympathy of Abraham receiving seraphs unawares—of Isaac walking out at eventide to meditate, and meeting the holy partner of his days—of Jacob's dream, and of that immortal Syrian shepherdess, for whose love he served a hard master fourteen years, which seemed to him but a few days—of Joseph the beloved, the exile, the tempted, and the forgiver—of all the wonders of the Jewish story—and of the character and sufferings of the Messiah These things were to them at once august realities, and surrounded with a dream-like glory from afar. 'Heaven lay about them in their infancy.' They preserved the purity—the spirit of meek submission—the patient confiding love of their childhood in their maturest years. They, in their turn, instilled the sweetness of Christian charity, drop by drop, into the hearts of their offspring, and left their example as a deathless legacy. Surely this was better than the dignified patronage now courted for the Scriptures, or the pompous eulogies pronounced on them by rival orators!"

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—*Ordinations.*—n the 19th of July an ordination was performed the Most Rev. Archbishop, at Georgetown, D. , at which Messrs. Michael Tuffer, Milesius bbons, John Aiken, and George Villiger, of the ciety of Jesus, received the subdeaconship. On the llowing day they were ordained deacons, and on the d were promoted to the dignity of the priesthood. At Baltimore, Mr. Thomas O'Niel was ordained bdeacon on the 8th of August, deacon on the 9th, d priest on the 10th.

Confirmation.—This sacrament was administered the 21st of July, in St. Matthew's church, Washgton city, to a large number of persons.

Religious Profession.—At the convent of the Vitation, Georgetown, D. C., on the feast of the ssumption of the B. V. Mary, the Most Rev. rchbishop admitted to the solemn vows of religon sister Mary Seraphina (Troutman), of Washgton city, and sister Mary Petronilla (Bulger), and ster Mary Philomena (Malone), both of New York.

Ordination.—On the 2d of Sept. an ordination was eld by the Most Rev. Archbishop in St. Mary's hapel, Baltimore, when Mr. Timothy G. Riordon ceived the four minor orders; Mr. William D. Parns, the subdeaconship; Messrs. Charles C. Brenan nd Thomas P. R. Foley, the deaconship; and Rev. oseph Maguire and Rev. Michael Slattery, deaons, were promoted to the holy order of priesthood.

Young Catholic's Friend Society.—At a meeting the Young Catholic's Friend Society, held Augst 4th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted, in relation to the death of William oseph Heuisler (late member of the society), as estamentary of the high estimation in which he as held by his friends and associates—as commemorative of his many good qualities—and as xpressive of the feelings of regret which they xperienced at his sudden and unexpected death.

Resolved, That in the premature demise of our mented friend, Mr. Wm. J. Heuisler, this society as experienced the loss of one of its most active, ealous and faithful members, one who by his early nd continued devotion to the noble cause of harity, has written by his conduct, the best eulogy hat could be pronounced upon him, and whose entlemanly and upright deportment, whose kind nd courteous conduct tendered on all occasions to hose around him, invariably won and received heir highest regard and lasting friendship.

Resolved, That this society sympathizes most eeply and sincerely with the relatives and family f the deceased, and however great may be the ause to mourn, however sweetly congenial may e the impulse of nature to bedew the memory of a oved one with the tears of affection, yet still the onsolations of religion, unfolding that bright reward tendered to those who embrace its divine and heavenly invitations, should check the sigh of regret—should stop the tear of affection, when reflecting how devoted he has been in the practice of religion; and though he has passed the vapor barrier of time, and entered upon the ocean of eternity, yet secure upon the anchor of faith and hope, we may confidently though humbly indulge the expectation that he has exchanged the cares of this life for the joys of a better.

Resolved, That the members of this society be requested to attend the funeral of our departed associate.

Resolved, That the President of this society be directed to have solemn high mass celebrated at the Cathedral (at such time as he may deem proper) for the repose of the soul of our departed friend.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the United States Catholic Magazine.

JOSEPH A. SAWYER, *Pres't.*

BOLIVAR D. DANELS, *Rec. Sec.*

DIOCESS OF BOSTON.—*Confirmation.*—We learn from a correspondent that the Rt. Rev. Coadjutor Bishop of Boston (Dr. Fitzpatrick) administered the sacrament of confirmation on the 27th July, in Burlington, Vt. to about two hundred persons. The same Rt. Rev. Prelate preached during the 10½ o'clock Mass. Among his hearers were many Protestants, several of whom, we learn, were profoundly impressed by his discourse.—*F. Jour.*

DIOCESS OF NEW YORK.—*Ordination.*—Ordinations were held in St. Patrick's Cathedral by the Rt. Rev. Coadjutor Bishop Dr. M'Closkey, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week, at the eight o'clock Mass; and the following gentlemen were raised successively to the orders of subdeaconship, deaconship and priesthood, viz:—Messrs. John Sheridan, Thomas McEvoy, William O'Reilley, Sylvester Malone, Matthew Higgins, Patrick Kenny and George M'Closkey.

New Churches.—We see it stated in the papers that the Rt. Rev. Bishop of New York laid the corner stone of a new church in Buffalo, on Sunday last. We see it also announced that the same Rt. Rev. Prelate has happily adjusted the difficulties for some time past unfortunately existing in the St. Louis congregation.—*Ibid.*

On Thursday of last week the Rt. Rev. Bishop of New York laid the corner stone for a church to be erected at Perth Amboy, N. J.—*Ibid.*

DIOC. of RICHMOND.—*From our Correspondent.*

Sir:—A day's journey up the James River brought me to Richmond, the city of Hills. While in Norfolk I had heard much said of the turns and bends of the "noble James," and of several remarkable places, notable as being connected with the early settlement of the state more than for their present appearance or oddity, but, owing to the

continued rain which commenced soon after our departure, I was obliged to satisfy my curiosity with what I had heard—preferring also a dry seat in a close cabin to a wet jacket upon an open deck—however I might regret being unable to see places designated by the classic names of Newport News, Dancing Point, Tree Point, &c. &c.

The boat stopped for a short time at Jamestown, where there is still standing the ruins of an old brick church which was built by the first settlers. Several of the passengers were anxious to go on shore, but there was no time to spare for such a privilege. One young gentleman was so fond of relics, that he sent a black boy, who was standing on the wharf, to procure a brick from the old church (probably because that church was connected with the *religious tolerance* of the settlement), but before the messenger returned the boat was off. It may be strange that one of our dissenting brethren should have any veneration for relics, but so it is, this young man was the son of a Baptist minister. He wanted the brick for his uncle, who was so wedded to religious matters, that he would give more for a brick from "the old church," than he would for a yoke of oxen. I felt sorry for the young man's disappointment, but could not help thinking how strange it was that that feeling which cannot exist with Catholics, without bringing upon them the odium of Protestants, should now be a virtue with this young Baptist.

There are two things which are calculated to relieve the monotony of a river journey—one is good company, the other a good book. Finding my companions affected by the weather, I had recourse to the latter, and taking up the January No. of your Magazine, soon became deeply interested in the able review of "Brande's Encyclopœdia," and then with that sterling article in the February No. on the "Influence of Catholicity on Civil Liberty," from the pen of your valuable correspondent, "M. J. S." We arrived in Richmond about 9 o'clock P. M.

The next morning, when I looked from my chamber window, I had Capital Square in full view, in the centre of which stands the capitol of the state, a large Grecian building, and, standing as it does, on the highest point, is the first object to meet the eye of a person entering the city from either direction.

St. Peter's church, which is the Cathedral of this diocess, is built on one of the spacious streets leading from the square. It is a neat building, having a projecting portico and steeple. The cross which tops the steeple is another prominent object to be seen amongst the steeples and cupolas of Richmond. St. Peter's, like St. Patrick's in Norfolk, is without galleries, but is entirely too small for the congregation attached to it. The pastor is t Rev. T. O'Brien, whose residence adjoins t church, and whose zeal and labors are well illu trated by the general *practical* Catholicity of h flock. The number of Catholics in Richmond much larger than in Norfolk, but, being general persons of moderate means, they are obliged put up with the inconvenience of having but o church—the German portion, however, had alrea commenced collecting funds for the erection of church, and the settlement of a clergyman wh could minister to them in their own languag while the other portion were devising plans h which to enlarge St. Peter's.

St. Joseph's Female Academy, under the dire tion of Sisters of Charity—Sister Josephine, s perior—is a spacious building, centrally and we situated, not far distant from the church, in whic all the useful and ornamental branches are taugh The annual charges for board, doctor's fees, bedding &c. is $106—a few extra charges for branches n included in the usual course. The day scholars ar divided into three classes, at charges of—for th first class $4, second $5, third $6 each, per quarte The revenue of the academy is applied to the sup port of the Female Asylum attached to the insti tution.

St. Vincent's Seminary, which is the residenc of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Whelan, is about one and half mile from the city. It is pleasantly situate in a retired locality, with all the advantages o country air for health, and country room for health ful exercises. The building is large and well ar ranged for all the desired purposes—and we hop that ere long this seminary will be in as full tide o prosperity as are the numerous institutions in ou own diocess.

A short time ago a worthy Presbyterian divine undertook to *destroy* Catholicity in Richmond by a course of lectures, but such was the nature of his *arguments*, and so vulgar, and, in many instances, so indecent were the anecdotes with which he *illustrated* his lectures, that instead of injuring Catholicity he only made friends for religion where he sought to made enemies, thus giving us another instance of good coming from evil.

Leaving Richmond by the cars, I was soon in Petersburg—an agreeable little city, and a place of large business, although somewhat a victim to the internal improvement fever. St. Joseph's church is a plain but handsome little building, to which is attached a large lot of ground of some value; the congregation numbers about one hundred and fifty persons. There are few more interesting missions than this, however small it may appear—for though the field is not large the soil is fruitful. O. O'B.

Diocess of New Orleans.—*Confirmation.*—On the 18th of July, Bishop Blanc administered

nfirmation to fifty-five persons at Paincourtville; t the 19th, at Assumption, to fifty-eight; on the st, at Donaldsonville, to ninety-six.—*Propagateur atholique.*

Diocess of Charleston.—*Confirmation.*—his sacrament was administered, at Locust Grove, nineteen persons; at Washington, Wilkes Co. to ree, where also a church under the invocation of :. Patrick was dedicated. On the 14th July veral persons were confirmed at Columbia.—*U. . Cath. Miscel.*

Diocess of Cincinnati.—*Episcopal Visitaon.*—There were nineteen persons confirmed at e church of SS. Philip and James near Fulton; velve at Mr. Gallagher's settlement, near Wooster, id twelve at St. Francis, Chippewa. The Bishop reached to a large audience in the Methodist eeting-house at Wooster.

St. Vincent's, Akron, Summit county, is a new urch erected since last spring, by the Rev. Mr. oward. It is, including sacristy, fifty-nine by irty-two feet, and one of the handsomest churches the diocess. The little flock is fast increasg here and very zealous. There were forty conmed.

The church of our Lady of the Lake, Cleveland, to its altar and interior decorations, realized all e had heard of it. There were one hundred and nety-one persons confirmed.—*Catholic Telegraph.*

Diocess of Louisville.—*Clerical Retreat.*—he spiritual retreat of our secular clergy opened at the Theological Seminary of St. Thomas, on Sunday the 25th of July, and terminated on the following Saturday evening, the 3d of August. There were in attendance thirty-one clergymen, of whom thirty were from our own diocess, and one from that of Vincennes.—*Cath. Advocate.*

Humbugs.—The statements lately so widely circulated, respecting a woman condemned to death for apostatising from the Catholic religion in the island of Madeira, and the decree of the emperor of Austria, forbidding any one to become a Protestant without the royal license, turn out to be pious humbugs to suit the enlightened spirit of this "Protestant country." The British ambassador exposes the first—the laws of the Austrian empire expose the other.—*Cath. Telegraph.*

Illiberal.—We regret that the *Banner of the Cross* should consider it a compliment to be associated with the persecuting Maryland Episcopalians of the last century, whose hostility to civil and religious freedom is unequivocally reprobated by the high-church party of the present day. *Quantum mutatus!*

Obituary.—Died, in Columbus, Geo. on the 18th ult. the Rev. Thomas Moloney, a native of the county Limerick, Ireland. During his brief and severe illness (bilious fever) he was attended by the Rev. Mr. Coffey, at whose hands he received the last sacraments of the church; and fully aware of his approaching departure, met death with the most consoling dispositions.—*U. S. Cath. Miscel.*

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

he Life of our Lord Jesus Christ; with moral reflections, critical illustrations, and explanatory notes. By the Rev. Henry Rutter, &c. New York: R. Martin & Co.

We have received Part 8 of this valuable work, hich reflects great credit upon the publishers. is beautifully executed, and each part is adorned ith a highly finished engraving. As to the conents of the publication, they are such as must neessarily recommend themselves to the attention of very Christian.

ustachius: an episode of the first ages of Christianity. By C. Schmid. Translated from the French. Baltimore: F. Lucas, jr. 18mo. pp. 196.

This story is based upon the well known fact recorded in ecclesiastical history, relative to the conersion of St. Eustachius. It is written in the sual interesting style which characterizes all the vritings of Schmid, and combines in the happiest anner the pleasing with the instructive. It may e read with advantage by all classes of persons. This little volume forms the eleventh number of the *Youth's Library*, so favorably known to the Catholic community.

Valedictory Address, delivered at the annual commencement of Georgetown college, July 25th, 1844. By William Pinkney Brooke, of Maryland. Published by request of his friends. Washington: Printed by Blair & Rives. Pp. 12.

Valedictory performances, and particularly those which terminate the close of a collegiate career, are frequently mere formalities, and still more frequently are they devoid of that deep feeling and impressive thought which the solemnity of the occasion is so well calculated to inspire. This, however, cannot be said of the address before us. Mr. Brooke seems to have been fully alive to the importance of the task which he was called upon to perform, and he grasped the realities of the past, the present and the future, with a vigor of sentiment and a pathos of style which are equally honorable to his mind and his heart.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

Sunday. 14th after Pent. (1st Sept.) sem. 9th less. and com. of S. Ægidius and MM. in Lauds and Mass, in which Gl. Cr. &c. *Green.* In Vesp. com. of fol.

2 *Monday.* S. Stephen C. sem. (Hym. *mer. sup.*) 2 col. *A cunctis*, 3 *ad lib.* *White.* Vesp. of the feast.

3 *Tuesday.* Feria, 2 col. *Fidelium*, 3 *a cunctis.* *Green.* Vesp. of feria.

4 *Wednesday.* Feria, col. as on 2d. inst. *Green.* Vesp. of fol. (in hymn *mer. sup.*)

5 *Thursday.* S. Lawrence *Justinian*, BC. semid. In mass Gl. and col. as yest. *White.* Vesp. of the feast.

6 *Friday.* Feria, in mass col. as yest. *Green.* *Abstinence.* Vesp. of fol.

7 *Saturday.* Office of the concep. of the BVM. semid. in mass Gl. 2 col. *de Sp. sancto*, 3 *Eccl.* or *pro Papa.* Pref. *et te in commem. concep.* *White.* Vesp. of fol. com of Sunday.

8 *Sunday.* † 15th after Pent. (2d. Sept.) Nativ. of the BVM. d. 2 cl. with oct. 9th less. and com. of Sund. and S. Adrian in Lauds and Mass. com. of S. is omit. in solemn mass. Cr. Pref. of BV. *et te in nativ.* and Gosp. of Sund. at the end. *White.* In Vesp. com. of Sund. S. Gorgonius.

9 *Monday.* † Of the Oct. semid. 9th less. and com. of S. in Lauds and Mass, in which Gl. 3 col. *de Spiritu s.* and Cr. *White.* Vesp. of fol. com. of Oct.

10 *Tuesday.* † S. Nicholas *Tolent.* C. doub. com. of Oct. in Lauds and Mass, in which Gl. and Cr. *White.* In Vesp. com. of Oct. and SS. Protus, &c.

11 *Wednesday.* Of the Oct. sem. 9th less. and com. of SS. in Lauds and Mass, in which Gl. 3 col. *de Sp. sancto*, and Cr. *White.* Vesp. of the Oct.

12 *Thursday.* † Of the Oct. semid. in Mass 2 col. de sp. s. 3 *Eccl.* or *pro Papa*, and Cr. *White.* Vesp. of Oct.

13 *Friday.* Of the Oct. semid. as yest. *White.* *Abstinence.* Vesp. of fol. com. of Oct.

14 *Saturday.* † (*Anniv. of the consec. of M. Rev. Archb. of Balt.*) Exalt. of the Holy Cross, gr. d. com of Oct. in Lauds and Mass, in which Gl. Cr. and Pref. *de cruce.* *Red.* In Vesp. com. of fol. and Sund. S. Nicomedes.

15 *Sunday.* † 16th after Pent. (3d. Sept.) Holy name of Mary, gr. d. 9th less. of hom. and com. of Sund. and S. in Lauds and Mass, in which Gl. Cr. Pref. *Et te in festiv.* and Gosp. of Sund. at the end. *White.* In Vesp. com. of Sund. and fol. and SS. Euph. &c.

16 *Monday.* SS. Cornelius and Cyprian, MM. semid. 9th less. and com. of SS. in Lauds and Mass, in which Gl. and 3 col. *A cunctis.* *Red.* Vesp. of fol. (in hym. *mer. sup.*) com. of prec.

17 *Tuesday.* Stigmas of S. Francis, doub. In Mass *White.* Vesp. from ch. of fol. com. of prec.

18 *Wednesday.* *Emb. day.* *Fast.* S. Joseph *a Cupert.* doub. 9th less. of hom. and com. of fer. in Lauds a Mass, in which Gl. and Gosp. of fer. at the end. *Whi* Vesp. from ch. of fol. com. of prec.

19 *Thursday.* SS. Januarius and Compan. MM. d. In Ma Gl. *Red.* Vesp. from ch. of fol. com. of prec.

20 *Friday.* *Emb. day.* *Fast.* Vig. of S. Matthew. SS. E stachius and Compan. MM. doub. 9th less. of hom. a com. of fer. in Lauds and Mass, in which Gl. 3 col. v and Gosp. of fer. at the end. *Red.* Vesp. of fol. co of prec.

21 *Saturday.* *Emb. day.* *Fast.* S. Matthew Ap. and Evan d. 2 cl. 9th less. of hom. and com. of fer. in Lauds a Mass, in which Gl. Cr. Pref. App. and Gosp. of fer. at t end. *Red.* In Vesp. com. of fol. and Sund. and S Maurice, &c.

22 *Sunday.* 17th after Pent. (4th Sept.) Seven Dolours the BVM. gr. d. (15th inst.) 9th less. of hom. and co of Sund. and SS. in Lauds and Mass. Cr. Pref. *Et te Transfix.* and Gosp. of Sund at the end. *White.* In com. of Sund. and fol. and S. Thecla.

23 *Monday.* S. Linus, PM. semid. 9th less. and com. of S. Lauds and Mass, in which Gl. 3 col. *A cunctis. Re* Vesp. of fol. com. of prec.

24 *Tuesday.* Our Lady of Mercy, gr. doub. In Mass G Cr. Pref. *Et te in festiv.* *White.* In Vesp. com. of fo

25 *Wednesday.* S. Thomas of Villanova, BC. d. (22d. inst. in hym. *mer. sup.* In Mass Gl. *White.* In Vesp. com of fol. and SS. Cyprian, &c.

26 *Thursday.* Office of the B. Sacrament, semid. Less. noct. from 5th Sund. of Sept. 9th less. and com. MM. Lauds and Mass. Gl. 3 col. *A cunctis*, and Pref. of Nativ *White.* Vesp. from ch. of fol. com. of prec.

27 *Friday.* SS. Cosmas and Damian, MM. semid. Less. noct. from fer. 6 after 5th Sund. Sept. In Mass Gl. col. *A cunctis*, 3 *ad lib.* *Red.* *Abstinence.*

28 *Saturday.* S. Wenceslaus, M. sem. Less. 1 noct. from Sat. after 5th Sund. Sept. In Mass as yest. *Red.* Vesp of fol. com. of 1 Sund. Oct.

29 *Sunday.* † 18th after Pent. (1 Oct.) Dedication of S Michael Archangel, d. 2 cl. 9 less. and com. of Sund. i Lauds and Mass, in which Gl. Cr. Pref. of Trin. and Gosp. of Sund. at the end. *White.* In Vesp. com. o fol. and Sund.

30 *Monday.* † S. Jerom, CD. doub. In Mass Gl. and Cr. *White.* In Vesp. com. of fol.

SUN'S *upper* limb rises and sets. (corr. for refract.) M.T.

D.M.	D.W.	Boston, &c.		New York &c.		Washington &c.		Charleston, &c.		N. Orleans, &c.	
		rises.	*sets.*	*rises*	*sets.*	*rises*	*sets.*	*rises*	*sets.*	*rises*	*sets.*
		h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.	h.m.
1	SUND.	5 24	6 36	5 27	6 33	5 29	6 31	5 35	6 25	5 37	6 23
2	Mon.	26	35	28	32	30	30	35	24	37	22
3	Tues.	27	33	29	30	31	28	36	22	38	21
4	Wed.	28	31	30	29	32	27	37	21	38	19
5	Thurs.	29	30	31	27	33	25	37	20	39	18
6	Frid.	30	28	32	26	34	34	38	19	39	17
7	Satur.	31	26	33	24	35	23	38	18	40	16
8	SUND.	5 32	6 25	5 34	6 23	5 35	6 21	5 39	6 15	5 40	6 15
9	Mon.	33	23	35	21	36	20	40	15	41	13
10	Tues.	34	21	36	19	37	18	40	14	42	12
11	Wed.	35	19	37	18	38	17	41	12	42	11
12	Thurs.	36	17	38	16	39	15	42	11	43	10
13	Frid.	37	16	39	14	40	13	42	9	43	8
14	Satur.	38	14	40	12	41	12	43	8	44	7
15	SUND.	5 39	6 12	5 41	6 10	5 41	6 10	5 43	6 7	5 44	6 6
16	Mon.	40	11	42	8	42	9	44	6	45	5
17	Tues.	41	9	42	7	43	7	45	5	45	4
18	Wed.	42	7	43	5	44	5	45	4	46	3
19	Thurs.	43	5	44	4	44	4	46	3	46	2
20	Frid.	44	4	45	2	45	3	47	1	47	1
21	Satur.	45	2	46	1	46	1	47	0	47	0
22	SUND.	5 46	6 0	5 47	5 59	5 47	5 59	5 48	5 59	5 48	5 58
23	Mon.	47	5 58	48	57	48	57	48	57	48	57
24	Tues.	48	56	49	55	49	55	49	55	49	55
25	Wed.	49	54	50	53	50	53	50	54	50	54
26	Thurs.	50	52	51	52	51	52	50	53	50	53
27	Frid.	51	50	52	50	52	51	51	51	51	51
28	Satur.	53	49	53	49	53	49	52	50	51	50
29	SUND.	5 54	5 47	5 54	5 47	5 54	5 47	5 52	5 48	5 52	5 49
30	Mon.	55	45	55	45	55	45	53	47	52	48

MOON rises or sets. Mean time.

Boston, &c	N.York, &c.	Wash'n, &c.	Cha'ston &c.	N Orl'ns &c.
rises.	*rises.*	*rises.*	*rises.*	*rises.*
h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
8 33A	8 37A	8 41A	8 53A	8 59A
9 7	9 12	9 17	9 31	9 38
9 46	9 51	9 57	10 14	10 21
10 31	10 37	10 44	11 0	11 8
11 22	11 27	11 34	11 50	11 58
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
0 17M	0 22M	0 28M	0 43M	0 50M
1 17M	1 22M	1 26M	1 40M	1 47M
2 21	2 24	2 28	2 39	2 45
3 25	3 29	3 31	3 39	3 43
4 33	4 34	4 36	4 40	4 44
sets.	*sets.*	*sets.*	*sets.*	*sets.*
6 28A	6 31A	6 32A	6 39A	6 41A
7 2	7 5	7 8	7 17	7 23
7 40A	7 45A	7 49A	8 2A	8 7A
8 24	8 29	8 35	8 50	8 57
9 15	9 21	9 27	9 43	9 52
10 14	10 19	10 25	10 42	10 51
11 18	11 22	11 28	11 44	11 52
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
0 27M	0 31M	0 36M	0 49M	0 55M
1 34M	1 37M	1 42M	1 51M	1 58M
2 42	2 45	2 47	2 55	2 59
rises.	*rises.*	*rises.*	*rises.*	*rises.*
5 7A	5 8A	5 8A	5 11A	5 13A
5 34	5 36	5 38	5 43	5 46
6 2	6 5	6 8	6 16	6 20
6 32	6 36	6 40	6 50	6 56
7 6A	7 11A	7 15A	7 29A	7 36A
7 43	7 48	7 54	8 9	8 16

EPISTLES AND GOSPELS OF THE *Sundays and Festivals in the month of Sept.*

	EPISTLE.	GOSPEL.
Fourteenth Sunday after Pent.	Gal. v. 16—24	Matt. vi. 24—33.
Fifteenth Sunday	Gal. v 25, vi 11	Luke vii 11—16.
Sixteenth Sunday	Eph. iii 13—21	Luke xiv 1—11.
Seventeenth Sunday	Eph. iv 1—6	Luke xiv 1—11.
Eighteenth Sunday	1 Cor. i 4—9	Matt. xxii 35, 46. Matt. ix 1, 8.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

	D. H. M.
Last quarter,	4 4 35A.
New moon,	12 8 8A.
First quarter,	19 2 44A.
Full moon,	26 8 5A.